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**THE  
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY**

**WITH  
NOTES AND QUERIES**

**EXTRA NUMBERS 13-16**

**VOL. IV**

**WILLIAM ABBATT  
410 EAST 32D STREET, NEW YORK  
1911**

# THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH  
NOTES AND QUERIES

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WILLIAM ABBATT

410 EAST 32D STREET,

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

1911

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**MAJOR-GENERAL SAMUEL ELBERT**







**THE LIFE AND SERVICE**  
**OF THE**  
**HONORABLE**  
**MAJOR GEN. SAMUEL ELBERT**  
***OF GEORGIA***

**BY**  
**CHARLES C. JONES, JR., LL.D.**

**PRIVATELY PRINTED**  
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(Original Dedication)

TO THE  
HONORABLE GENERAL HENRY R. JACKSON,  
*Of Savannah, Georgia,*

PRESIDENT OF THE GEORGIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

**This Sketch**

IS CORDIALLY INSCRIBED.



## NOTE

As in the case of Major John Habersham (see No. 7 of this series), I am happy to be able to re-publish a full and interesting account of one of the minor figures of our Revolution, from the pen of the same writer, the late Charles C. Jones, Jr., of Augusta, Georgia.

EDITOR.























Informed of the presence of the American forces at Fort Howe, General Prevost paused in his movement, and busied himself with repairing his defensive works on the rivers St. Mary and St. John, with mounting guns at Fort Tonym, and with maturing plans for the protection of East Florida. Neither at St. Mary nor at Fort Tonym, however, did General Howe encounter any serious resistance from the enemy. Prevost prudently withdrew his forces from his advanced posts, and covered the approaches to St. Augustine. From their position on Alligator Creek Colonel Clarke gallantly but vainly attempted the dislodgment of the English regulars and Loyalists. It was evidently the intention of the British general to offer no determined opposition until he had enticed the Americans as far as the river St. John.<sup>1</sup> There he hoped to turn upon them and inflict severe loss, if not utter annihilation. Howe's command was by this time in a wretched and despondent plight. A malarial region, intense heat, bad water, insufficient shelter and salt meat so impaired the health of his troops that the hospital returns showed one half the men upon the sick-list. Many had been left at Fort Howe, incapacitated by disease. Through lack of forage thirty-five horses had perished and those which remained

<sup>1</sup> Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Habersham, who was then serving with Colonel Elbert, writing from the "Camp on the South side of Satilla River," under date 17th June, 1778, says: "We are now, a part of us, on the south side of Satilla, within 15 miles of Fort Tonym. . . . Genl Howe with the Carolina Brigade will be here this evening, and the Governor with the Militia was on last Tuesday at Read's Bluff, so that I hope we shall very shortly be able to give a good account of Col Brown and his Scout, unless he should prudently make his escape to his good Friends the Red Coats, who, I fancy, will hardly risk a Battle on this side of St. Johns. . . . Colonel Elbert is hearty. He frets a little on account of Howe's and the Governor's tardiness."

From Fort Tonym, on the 5th of July, 1778, he writes: "The Governor and the Militia are to join us to-day. I hope the Captain and Major General will lay their heads together so that we may go on or return, for I am tired of staying here."

To the courtesy of William Neyle Habersham, Esqr., of Savannah, am I indebted for access to the original letters from which the above extracts are made.













only pass by which a retreat was practicable,—the enemy secured a position to interrupt the crossing. By extraordinary exertions Colonel Roberts kept the British in check until the centre of the army made its escape. The American right flank, being between two fires, suffered severely. The Georgia militia, under Colonel Walton, who, shot through the thigh, fell from his horse and was made a prisoner, were wholly killed, wounded or captured. The left, under the command of Colonel Elbert, continued the conflict with such pertinacity and gallantry that a retreat by the causeway became impracticable. That officer, therefore, attempted to lead his troops through the rice-fields lying between the Springfield causeway and the Savannah River. In doing so he encountered a heavy fire from the enemy who had taken possession of the causeway and of the adjacent high grounds of Ewensburg. Reaching Musgrove Creek, Colonel Elbert found it filled with water, for the tide was high. Consequently, only those of his command who could swim succeeded in crossing; and this they did with the loss of their arms and accoutrements. The others were either drowned or captured. Being an expert swimmer, Colonel Elbert made his escape, and retreated with the remnant of the army into South Carolina. Southern Georgia, bereft of her defenders, was quickly overrun by the enemy, who exacted tribute the most stringent.

Sunbury having fallen, and his arrangements for the occupation of all important posts along the right bank of the lower Savannah having been completed, Colonel Campbell resolved to push a column into the interior and finish the subjugation of the State by the capture of Augusta and the intimidation of the adjacent region. In his advance he was confronted by Colonels Elbert, John Twiggs, and Benjamin and William Few. They were not strong enough, however, to defend the crossing at Brier Creek. Disappointed in the assistance which they expected to receive from Colonels Williamson and Clarke, they retired slowly, skirmishing with Colonel Campbell's column as it moved upon Augusta. Upon



tailed for this service. Well did they perform the duty to which they were assigned. The command of General Ashe had been so much reduced by details that on the day of the engagement it did not exceed eight hundred men present for duty. Many of these were poorly armed and inadequately supplied with ammunition. The lack of circumspection and the want of preparation which characterized the conduct of the commander of the Americans on this occasion excite our surprise and merit severe criticism. The enemy had reached his vicinity before he was assured of any hostile approach. Hastily forming line of battle in three divisions,—the right under Colonel Young, the centre under General Bryant, and the left, consisting of sixty Continental troops, one hundred and fifty Georgia militia, and a field-piece, under the command of Colonel Elbert assisted by Lieutenant-Colonel John McIntosh and Major John Habersham,—General Ashe advanced to a position about a quarter of a mile in front of his encampment and there awaited the enemy's attack. His left rested upon Brier Creek, and his right extended to within eight hundred yards of the Savannah River swamp. When within one hundred and fifty yards of the Americans, and at four o'clock on the afternoon, Colonel Prevost opened the engagement with his artillery and pressed forward. Ashe's centre, which was thrown a little in advance, did not withstand the shock even for a few moments. It broke and fled in wild confusion. The right also, so soon as it was pressed, followed suit. The left alone remained, and under the valorous leadership of Colonel Elbert fought so stubbornly that Prevost found it necessary to order up his reserves to support his right, which was confronted by this small but gallant body. Notwithstanding the great disparity in the numbers engaged, Elbert prolonged the conflict until nearly every man of his command was either killed, wounded or captured. The fugitives from the American centre and right sought shelter in the deep swamp bordering upon the Savannah River. Such of them as escaped the pursuit of the en-

emy and could swim, crossed to the Carolina shore. Many were drowned in the attempt. Colonel Elbert,—whom Colonel Prevost in his report designates as one of the best officers in the rebel army—twenty-seven other officers and two hundred privates were taken prisoners. One hundred and fifty Americans were killed upon the field and in the adjacent swamps, exclusive of such as were drowned in attempting to save themselves from slaughter by plunging into a deep and rapid river. Seven pieces of field artillery, a considerable quantity of ammunition, provisions, and baggage, and one thousand small arms fell into the hands of the victors. The multitude slain would seemingly claim credence for the report that in their pursuit of the fugitive Americans Sir James Baird cried aloud to his light infantry: “Every man of you that takes a prisoner shall lose his ration of rum.” When overtaken in the Savannah River swamp, not a few of the militia were cruelly bayoneted by the exultant British soldiery.

Never was encampment more injudiciously located or more insecurely guarded. Never was command held in worse plight for action. The only ray of light, mid the gloom of the whole affair, was shed by the gallantry of Colonel Elbert and his followers. This defeat at Brier Creek disconcerted General Lincoln’s plans and, in connection with General Howe’s misfortune at Savannah, materially prolonged the struggle in this department. The tradition lives that Colonel Elbert, even when surrounded by the enemy, continued to offer the stoutest resistance. Finally he was struck down. A soldier was on the point of dispatching him with uplifted bayonet, when he gave the Masonic sign of distress. It was perceived by an officer, who intervened just in time to save the life of the brave Colonel.

Doctor Joseph Johnson<sup>1</sup> says that while a prisoner in the Brit-

<sup>1</sup> “Traditions and Reminiscences, chiefly of the American Revolution in the South,” etc., p. 475. Charleston. 1851.





cause of American freedom during the Revolutionary War, the General Assembly of Georgia complimented Count D'Estaing with a grant of twenty thousand acres of land, and invested him with "all the privileges, liberties, and immunities of a free citizen of the State." It was the pleasing duty of Governor Elbert, through Commissioner John McQueen, to communicate to the Count this expression of the public esteem. In returning his thanks this illustrious Frenchman said: "The mark of its satisfaction which the State of Georgia was pleased to give me after I had been wounded, was the most healing balm that could have been applied to my pains whenever they were most acute. Nothing could be more flattering than to be admitted as a proprietor in a State that has so much distinguished itself in supporting the common cause." It was his avowed purpose, with a portion of the proceeds of the sale of these lands, to erect, at the entrance of Paris, a monument "to the States," commemorative of "the glory of the King and those patriots who contributed to the epoch of liberty." The distractions in France which quickly supervened, his engagements as vice-admiral of the navy, and his tragic fate prevented the consummation of this memorable intention.

The gubernatorial career of General Elbert was honourable and prosperous.

Several times did he act as the representative of the State of Georgia in accommodating difficulties and negotiating treaties with the Creek and Cherokee Indians. Among the latter, that concluded at the Augusta Convention, held on the 31st of May, 1783, in which Georgia was represented by Governor Lyman Hall, General John Twiggs, Colonel Elijah Clarke, Colonel William Few, the Honorable Edward Telfair, and General Samuel Elbert, will be specially remembered. On that occasion eighteen of the leading chiefs and head warriors of the Cherokees were present. General Elbert's acquaintance with the Indian nations was, as we have seen, extensive, and his influence over them quite marked.







Artillery and other Militia Companies. The body was afterwards deposited at the family burial place on the Mount at Rae's Hall." <sup>1</sup>

The Indian grave-mound near the confluence of Pipe-Maker's Creek and the Savannah River, which a later generation appropriated as a convenient place for modern sepulture, still stands, marking the spot where, nearly a century ago, the dust of a General in the army of the Revolution, of an honored citizen, and of a Governor of this commonwealth mingled with the ashes of the ancestors of the venerable Tomo-chi-chi. Although Rae's Hall has passed into the ownership of strangers, although his memorial stone has fallen, although soulless brambles and envious forest trees have obliterated all traces of the inhumation, the name of Samuel Elbert is enshrined in the annals of Georgia, and his memory will be cherished by all who are not unmindful of the lessons inculcated by a life of virtue, of valor, of probity, of benevolence, of patriotism, and of fidelity to trust reposed.

---

Thus, reviving these memories as they have been gleaned amid the lights and shadows of a remote and heroic past, and grouping them into a tribute expressive of our grateful appreciation of uncommon virtue and excellence, we offer this memorial of one who deserves high place in this Hall dedicated to the perpetuation of characters and events memorable in the history of this colony and commonwealth. Due preservation of and suitable meditation upon such recollections constitute no mean part of your mission, which, if worthily pursued, will insure to the general good, and encourage in the present a generous emulation of whatever dignified and ennobled the days that are gone.

There is a history in all men's lives,  
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;  
The which observ'd a man may prophesy,

<sup>1</sup> *The Georgia Gazette*, No. 302. Savannah, Georgia. November 6, 1788.

With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds,  
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.  
Such things become the hatch and brood of time.

—CHARLES C. JONES, JR.

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.



## II.

The following is a roster of the FIRST REGIMENT OF CHATHAM COUNTY MILITIA, when Samuel Elbert was Major-General of the State forces<sup>1</sup>;—

James Jackson, *Colonel Commanding.*  
James Gunn, *Lieutenant-Colonel.*  
Benjamin Fishbourne, *Major.*  
Justus H. Scheuber, *Adjutant.*  
Jacob Waldburg, *Clerk of the Regiment.*

## LIGHT DRAGOONS.

*First Lieutenant*, Isaac Young.  
*Second Lieutenant*, David Sarzedas.  
*Cornet*, Isaac Lagardere.

## ARTILLERY.

*Captain*, Edward Lloyd.  
*First Lieutenant*, Thomas Elfe.  
*Second Lieutenant*, John Wanden.

## LIGHT INFANTRY.

*Captain*, Benjamin Lloyd.  
*First Lieutenant*, Elisha Elon.  
*Second Lieutenant*, Benjamin Butler.

## SAVANNAH.

*Captain*, Frederick Shick.  
*Lieutenant*, Joseph Welscher.

## SEA ISLANDS.

*Captain*, John Barnard.  
*First Lieutenant*, Robert Barnard.  
*Second Lieutenant*, Solomon Shad.

<sup>1</sup> See MS. Order Book of Colonel James Jackson.



servile insurrection. The office of a militiaman was then by no means a sinecure, and for several years after the cessation of hostilities between England and the United Colonies the duties of the companies composing the Chatham regiment were onerous. Gradually, however, domestic peace was confirmed. In the restoration of order and tranquillity the militia of Georgia rendered efficient service.

So great was the scarcity of powder in the possession of the military authorities in Savannah, that Colonel James Jackson, on the 22d of June, 1786, apologizes for an expenditure of one hundred pounds "at the funeral of that great and good man, General Greene." In his communication to the secretary of the Executive Council he inquires: "Will Council be so good as to let me know if they approve of my conduct, for I would rather pay for that powder myself than lay under a censure for it? It was thought here by all ranks of people the least [honor] that could be shown the remains of that hero by the State of Georgia."





## **THE *RIGHT FLANKER***



## EDITOR'S PREFACE

So far as we know, this is the only instance of a manuscript newspaper conducted by Confederate officers, while confined in any of the Northern prisons during the Rebellion.

One such, the OLD FLAG, was originated by Union prisoners, at Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas. It, like the *Right Flanker*, was in pen and ink, and after its Editor's exchange and return North, was published in *facsimile*; but the *Right Flanker* was taken to England by its staff and there printed in book form (1865) probably the only instance of the kind.

It is now very scarce, only two copies having come to our notice, and as a memento of its time possesses much interest.

We regret that after forty-five years have passed it is impossible to identify more of the personages mentioned than the few concerning whom we have made notes.

Fort Lafayette, it should be noted, was—and is, though long disused—in the Narrows of New York Bay, and was then used entirely as a prison, with a highly miscellaneous population. The Colonel Burke referred to as its commander, was the late Lieutenant Colonel Martin Burke, Third Artillery, a veteran of the Mexican war, an interesting type of the "Old Army," in which he served with credit for forty-three years, receiving the brevets of colonel and brigadier-general.



# **“FORT-LA-FAYETTE LIFE”**

**1863-1864**

**IN EXTRACTS FROM**

## **THE “RIGHT FLANKER,”**

**A MANUSCRIPT SHEET CIRCULATING AMONG THE SOUTHERN  
PRISONERS IN FORT-LA-FAYETTE, IN 1863-64**

*Dedicated to them generally, and especially to the Confederate  
Officers whose autographs are here given, as among  
them were contributors to the “Right Flanker”*

**London**

**SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.**

**LIVERPOOL: EDWARD HOWELL**

**1865**

**NEW YORK**

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assistance of the ladies, kept the enemy at bay for some time but was finally captured, confined in the lower hold of a three-decked iron-clad for two months, in mid-summer, heavily ironed both hand and foot; his arrival in New York chronicled as that of the most notorious character; and delivered in Fort Lafayette as the most savage rebel as yet inside its walls.

Next in order is an adventurer from his native place, Nova Scotia, to North Carolina; piloted on that coast as long as there was anything to do in that line; since then he may have tried the sailing qualities of a Baltimore-built pilot boat, in coming up with a Yankee craft in a way disagreeable to her skipper; still he was quietly located at a New York hotel, when he was ordered to care of Colonel Burke, until efforts could be made to find something against him. As he writes a good letter to Lord Lyons occasionally, in consequence of his not having been naturalized, he is to be known as the diplomatic head of the *Right Flanker*.

Then follows the party who is to be looked to as the nautical reporter—a young Confederate officer. He is, as all agree he should be, estimated as one, if not the most brave in our gallant little navy. Eight months in Fort Warren for being proof against the temptation of money and place to forswear his allegiance to his native South, did not prevent him from taking, as it were, his life in his hand; and the indignities and suffering which he has had to bear from his captors since *he was found under the bottom of the Ironside*,<sup>1</sup> would be considered as nothing, if he could look back to the result, had he got just eighteen inches further down under that celebrated vessel.

Then we have a true representative of the jolly boatmen of the Alabama; he does not despair of again giving the familiar notice of his approach (the shrill note of the steam whistle) to the little

<sup>1</sup> The flagship *New Ironsides* at Charleston, S. C., Oct. 6, 1863. The officer was Lieut. W. T. Glassell.













































INTERESTING READING—CONTENTS OF A REBEL MAIL, WHICH AFFORDS THE FIRST IDEA TO SOME OF THE PRISONERS AS TO THE CAUSE OF THEIR ARREST—ONE OF MR. SEWARD'S DESPATCHES AMONG REBEL PRISONERS IN FORT LAFAYETTE AND BALTIMORE REBEL LADIES—MORE LADY VISITORS TO THE FORT—"THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG," AND "I LOVE OLD DIXIE, RIGHT OR WRONG," BY PRISONERS.

WE have quite interesting reading matter just now in the contents of a Rebel mail, as published in the newspapers, a portion of which explains the cause of the Irish merchant being sent down. There is no doubt of his being a sympathizer, and it looks very much like that he has a taste for the adventures of the blockade business.

We have been most absorbed in the contents of a copy of a despatch of Mr. Seward to Lord Lyons, received by our friend the British officer here, for associating with disloyal Baltimore ladies. It is quite a lengthy document, covering four pages of what it is to be presumed is his diplomatic post paper, as it is larger than any we have seen for a long time. According to the amount of writing it is a most formidable document, but all that appears as substance, is an evidence of the Secretary's desire to frighten our young friend, and for ever deter him from becoming a victim to the influence of the bewitching Rebel ladies of Baltimore. He is informed that before there is time for carrying into effect suitable measures for bringing to justice his Baltimore associates, his case cannot be further entertained; and that he (Mr. Seward) will have pleasure in finding that in the meantime Her Britannic Majesty has deemed an officer so guilty as unworthy to carry her commission.

We are not so much surprised at learning his views as to pun-





























Braves who have with Stonewall bled  
 Braves whom Lee hath oftentimes led,  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
     Or to victory.

Now's the day and now's the hour,  
 See the front of battle lower,  
 See approach proud Lincoln's power,  
     Chains and slavery.

Who would be a traitor knave?  
 Who could fill a coward's grave?  
 Who so base as be a slave?  
     Let him turn and flee.

Who for Southern rights and laws  
 Freedom's sword will bravely draw,  
 Freeman stand or Freeman fall,  
     Let him on with Lee.

By oppression's woes and pains,  
 By our sires in dungeons chained,  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
     But they shall be free.

Lay the base usurpers low,  
 Tyrants fall in every foe,  
 Liberty's in every blow,  
     Let us do or die.

Then followed "The *Right Flanker*; its principles and its policy: undying faith in our glorious cause, and the advocacy of every effort for our liberty." *Music*—"The Bonnie Blue Flag."

"May peace be the source of as much glory as the war has been, and our poets rival our warriors." *Music*—"Juanita."

"The life-drama we are now enacting: may the curtain fall

































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# THE AMERICAN TARs IN TRIPOLITAN SLAVERY

CONTAINING

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LOSS AND CAPTURE OF THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE  
*PHILADELPHIA*; TREATMENT AND SUFFERINGS OF THE PRISONERS;  
DESCRIPTION OF THE PLACE; MANNERS, CUSTOMS, &c, OF THE TRIPOLI-  
TANS; PUBLIC TRANSACTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES WITH THAT RE-  
GENCY, INCLUDING GEN. EATON'S EXPEDITION, INTERSPERSED WITH  
INTERESTING REMARKS, ANECDOTES, AND POETRY, ON VARIOUS  
SUBJECTS

WRITTEN DURING UPWARDS OF NINETEEN MONTHS' IMPRISON-  
MENT AND VASSALAGE AMONG THE TURKS

BY

WILLIAM RAY

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FOR THE AUTHOR  
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# Horrors of Slavery:

OR, THE

## AMERICAN TARS IN TRIPOLI.

CONTAINING

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LOSS AND CAPTURE OF THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE PHILADELPHIA; TREATMENT AND SUFFERINGS OF THE PRISONERS; DESCRIPTION OF THE PLACE; MANNERS, CUSTOMS, &c. OF THE TRIPOLITANS; PUBLIC TRANSACTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES WITH THAT REGENCY, INCLUDING GEN. EATON'S EXPEDITION, INTERSPERSED WITH INTERESTING REMARKS, ANECDOTES, AND POETRY, ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

WRITTEN DURING UPWARDS OF NINETEEN MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT AND VASSALAGE AMONG THE TURKS.

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BY WILLIAM RAY.

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"NATURE NE'ER MEANT TO FORM A *SLAVE*;

"HER BIRTH-RIGHT'S *LIBERTY*."

——*SLAVERY!* THOU ART A BITTER CUP.

*STERNE.*

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# THE AMERICAN TARS IN TRIPOLITAN SLAVERY

## EXORDIUM

**W**HAT has been always customary,  
Legal becomes, and necessary;  
And, 'mongst ten thousand stranger things,  
When wonder from a volume rings,  
Is that anxiety we show,  
The writer of the book to know;  
Whether he ignorant or wise is—  
A *knave*, or *fool* with *virtuous* vices;  
And hence the practice is to shew 'em  
In biographic sketch, or proem:  
Here follows, then, or Truth's a liar,  
Some pat remarks, if you desire,  
And leisure have to halt and read 'em,  
If not, skip o'er, and never heed 'em.

That he was born, you well may know,  
For any fool could tell you so;  
Of whom, perhaps, you wish to hear,  
The day, the month, the hour, the year:  
All these we very well remember;  
'Twas on the ninth day of December,  
In seventeen hundred seventy-one,  
Before the rising of the sun,  
And just, if you'll believe the story,  
As chaste, and blushing, fair Aurora  
Burst the clasped arms of negro Night,  
A RAY from darkness peep'd to light.

His father, wise, as most of men,  
Found out that five and five made ten;

(But still he taught his docile son  
 That one were three, and three were one)  
 And prov'd of philosophic lore,  
 The more we know, we know the more.  
 That pain would pain, and pleasure please him—  
 That fire would burn, and frost would freeze him;  
 And though he could not name the causes  
 Of planets' motions, and their pauses,  
 He judg'd that *black* could not be *white*—  
 Of course, that *darkness* must be *night*;  
 Except when some eclipse befell us,  
 Which by ephemeris he could tell us,  
 All this he knew, by perfect rule,  
 Although he never taught a school;  
 Never, with all his stock of knowledge,  
 Was graduated at a College,  
 Where thousands take their learn'd degrees,  
 In arts less useful far than these;  
 And yet the son was counted rather  
 More learn'd and skilful than his father.

Now busy *Fame* and staring *Wonder*  
 Have nearly burst their orbs asunder,  
 And *Curiosity* stands tip-toe,  
 And *Slander's* dying, to let slip too,  
 And asks what dung-hill of the earth,  
 Was known by such a *crowing* birth?  
 While some, yet none but silly asses,  
 Will judge it to have been Parnassus.

In hopes it will not blast the fame of  
 America, he boasts the name of  
*American*.—"But," says the Yankee,  
 "If you will tell me *where*, I'll thank 'e;  
 "For since the *country* you have told, Sir,  
 "What *place*, if I may be so bold, Sir?  
 "For asking questions we are famous,

"And *strangers*, therefore, cannot blame us."  
O, not at all—what you demand, Sir,  
Prompt as a witness I shall answer.

Connecticut, to frogs once fatal,  
Is the same State he calls his natal;  
A State which other States surpasses,  
For pumpkins, johnny-cakes, molasses,  
Rogues, priests, attornies, quack-physicians,  
Blue laws, and black-coat politicians;  
Where many a father's son, aye, plenty,  
Is father of a son at twenty;  
And many a mother's maid has been  
A mother made at seventeen;  
And many more, at twenty-sev'n,  
Pray more for husbands than for heav'n;  
Where people live, while they have breath,  
And die, whene'er they meet with death.  
Of Litchfield County's mud and clay,  
Was form'd the flesh of WILLIAM RAY,  
And Salisbury the very place  
Where first he dar'd to shew his face:  
A county where the feds prevail,  
And Selleck Osborn pin'd in jail,  
To prove of *martyrdom* the fitness,  
By giving to the world a *Witness*  
That men may *Freedom* have, and lose her,  
*Court*, and *wed Pow'r*, and then abuse her.

Early in life he went to school,  
To gather wisdom from a fool;  
Who, senseless dolt, no reason knew why  
One had a black, and one a blue eye;  
Why some than other men were taller,  
Had longer noses, or were smaller;  
Nor why so many sons of Adam  
Had not *black skins*, while others had 'em;



And vows of Honour—to be broken;  
 That rigid *Justice* all detest,  
 And *Mercy*, painful to the breast;  
 That *Love of Country* meant the same  
 As *Pride, Ambition, Pomp, and Fame*;  
 That *Courage*, term it as you will,  
 Was nought but fear that greater ill  
 Would follow, if we took to flight,  
 Than meet us, if we brav'd the fight;  
 That *Honesty*, so much applauded,  
 Had thousands of their rights defrauded;  
 So hidden was, so marr'd and twisted,  
 He could not tell where it existed.  
 And to his knowledge pedagogic,  
 He added all the pow'rs of *Logic*;  
 For he could prove from reasons strong,  
 That *wrong* was *right*, and *right* was *wrong*;  
 That is, by Pope's "unerring light,"  
 He show'd "Whatever is, is right;"  
 And hence, by reasons full as strong,  
 Whatever is not, is not wrong;  
 And thus *probatum est* it stood,  
 That there is neither bad nor good.—  
 But halt—the muse flies quite too fast,  
 And some important things have past.

Ere yet he reach'd septennial years,  
 To raise his hopes, and calm his fears,  
 Respecting what some zealots tell,  
 How span-long infants roast in hell,  
 Who into it were luckless hurl'd,  
 Before they ever saw the world;  
 'Twas found expedient he should know  
 The terms of future bliss or woe.  
 The first was infantile baptism,  
 And then to learn his catechism,  
 Dug from the Scriptures' deepest mines,



By Reverend Synod of Divines.  
 In which they taught him to believe,  
 The snake that courted granny Eve,  
 Though like a *gentleman*, so civil,  
 Was his "*grim majesty, the Devil*;"  
 Who with his tongue took such a grapple,  
 He coax'd her to accept an apple;  
 Which she, like any well-bred woman,  
 With her lov'd husband shar'd in common;  
 And being left to free volition,  
 Brought us into our curs'd condition.  
 Yet God himself ordain'd the sin,  
 Which could not otherwise have been;  
 That God, from all eternity,  
 By his immutable decree,  
 Elected some of Adam's race,  
 The minions of his partial grace;  
 Inspir'd the Gospel to believe,  
 Compell'd his mercy to receive;  
 From crimes atrocious call'd, or driv'n,  
 And dragg'd by violence to heav'n;  
 While far the greater part remain  
 Predestin'd to eternal pain;  
 The objects of his wrath, created  
 On purpose to be reprobated;  
 Mock'd by an ineffectual call,  
 And told that grace was offer'd all;  
 Debar'd from ever *faith* receiving,  
 And damn'd at last for *not believing*.  
 Like one who spreads a free repast,  
 And calls his servants all to taste,  
 Admits a few to be his brothers,  
 And bolts his door against the others,  
 Then punishes, with ruthless hand,  
 Those who obey'd not his command.

To bring such dogmas reconcil'd,  
 Would puzzle any *common child*;  
 He, therefore, while his faith was sprouting,  
 Began to doubt, and still is doubting;  
 But here he rests, here all his trust is,  
 That God both merciful and just is,  
 And will not plunge our souls in woe,  
 For crimes six thousand years ago.

In childhood, plumbs, and cakes, and toys,  
 These constituted half his joys;  
 And buckles, buttons, or a knife,  
 Were valued dearly as his life;  
 The mirror pond, the gurgling rill,  
 Whereon he built his little mill;  
 The sling, whence buzz'd the pebble missile,  
 The jews-harp, whirligig, and whistle:  
 But, lest we weary your attention,  
 With things too trifling *now* to mention,  
 With sweetest joys of life we'll class them,  
 And so in fond remembrance pass them,  
 And come to tell you how he acted,  
 As time and years his life protracted.

In youth, the tyranny of passions,  
 And versatility of fashions,  
 Though sober call'd, by some, and steady,  
 Made his head whirl till it was giddy;  
 For pleasure led him such a caper,  
 He thought he could not well escape her;  
 And *Happiness*, *Contentment's* daughter,  
 He fancied once that he had caught her;  
 But on a strict examination,  
 Lo! 'twas the termagant, *Vexation*!  
 That, like a Vixen, ever follow'd  
 Those pleasures not by temp'rance hallow'd;  
 That gaudy clothing, brilliant dances,



And when he'd not another penny,  
To take his body, sick or well,  
And drag it to a *worse* than hell;  
Depriv'd of all the joys of life,  
Perhaps a family and wife,  
Chameleon-like to feed on air,  
Or worse, on mis'ry and despair;  
Without the means or pow'r to pay,  
Much longer than the *judgment* day,  
Unless the three-fourth act he take,  
Or make his fortune with a break;  
If not, why let the rascal lie,  
What is it for a man to die,  
Who must discharge, sooner or later,  
The debt he owes to mother nature?  
And 'twill be own'd by any dunce,  
He'd better pay them all at once;  
For death's a debt we all must pay,  
Our life's expences to defray.

Such is the sample Candour draws,  
To shew the mildness of our laws,  
Which force men to abscond or fly,  
Turn swindlers, or in prison die;  
He, therefore, to avoid the times,  
Embark'd to visit foreign climes.

And by experience 'twill be found  
That man is man the world around;  
Whether in *England* we behold him,  
Fawning round tyrants that have sold him,  
Licking the hand that chains him down  
To *bleed* for *honour* and the crown;  
Or *Ireland*, where an opposition  
To chains and halters is sedition;  
(And 'tis confest that many need 'em,  
Who anarchy entitle freedom;)

Or whether farther we advance,  
 And take a peep at reeking *France*;  
 Where sanguinary Robespierre  
 Serv'd priests as we do poultry here,  
 And thought no more of cutting throats  
 Of men and women, than of shoats;  
 Where Bonaparte, with flag unfurl'd,  
 Spreads carnage o'er the trembling world,  
 And conquers kingdoms, states, and nations,  
 Easier than lovers do their passions;  
 Or *Spain*, where horrid inquisition  
 Extorts the curse of superstition;  
 Or *Portugal*, where priests from heav'n,  
 To people are as one t' eleven;  
 Whether a *Russian Czar* he shines,  
 Or labours in Siberian mines;  
 Or pass to *Asia*, if you can,  
 Whose God's a corpulent old man;  
 Or *Africa*, where men are barter'd  
 For gewgaws, or for market quarter'd;  
 On *Barb'ry's* coast, where dread Bashaws  
 At pleasure make and break their laws;  
 Where tyranny, with hungry zeal,  
 Devours his thousands at a meal,  
 Yet hopes to rise to heaven's high summit,  
 Through intercession of Mahomet.

Or whether back again we come,  
 And take a view of things at home;—  
 At Georgia's southern point begin ye,  
 And travel up through old Virginia;  
 What's to be seen where people boast  
 Of being friends to freedom most?

Behold the lordly planter stand,  
 The lash still reeking in his hand,  
 O'er the poor slave, whose only sin is

That his, alas! a sable skin is;  
 This gives the wretch, whose hide is white,  
 To flay him an undoubted right;  
 From country and his friends compel him,  
 To starve, to murder, or to sell him;  
 Whose treatment crueller and worse is,  
 Than that of cattle, swine, or horses;  
 And e'en they often say the slave  
 Has not, like them, a soul to save.

Are you republicans?—away!  
 'Tis blasphemy the word to say—  
 You talk of freedom?—out, for shame!  
 Your lips contaminate the name.  
 How dare you prate of public good,  
 Your hands besmear'd with human blood?  
 How dare you lift those hands to heav'n,  
 And ask, or hope to be forgiv'n?  
 How dare you breathe the wounded air,  
 That wafts to heav'n the negro's pray'r?  
 How dare you tread the conscious earth  
 That gave mankind an equal birth?  
 And while you thus inflict the rod,  
 How dare you say there is a God  
 That will, in justice, from the skies,  
 Hear and avenge his creatures' cries?  
 "Slaves to be sold," hark, what a sound!  
 Ye give America a wound,  
 A scar, a stigma of disgrace,  
 Which time nor you can e'er efface;  
 And prove, of nations yet unborn,  
 The curse, the hatred, and the scorn.

And eke, behold our legislators  
 Receiving bribes, and turning traitors;  
 Our judges, governors, and sages,  
 The Catilines of modern ages;



If in the following, then, you find  
Things not so pleasing to your mind,  
And think them false, why, disbelieve them;  
Errors of weakness? then forgive them;  
And let our suff'rings and abuses  
For sev'ral *facts* make some excuses;  
And when you're captur'd by a Turk,  
Sit down, and write a better work.















## CHAPTER II

### COMMENCEMENT OF SERVICE

—I am a soldier, older in practice, abler than yourself to make conditions.  
CASSIUS.

Our foes by earth and heav'n abhorr'd,  
'Tis God-like to unsheath the sword.

PAINÉ.

Who's he that walks with such a swagger—  
A cockade, uniform and dagger,  
Holding this motto up to view,  
"I am much better, sir, than you?"  
Why, 'tis our officer—young Davy—\*  
A smart lieutenant of the navy;  
Who's challeng'd—though they call him cruel,  
Twice twenty bumpers to one duel,  
And fought where clubs, nor cannon, rattle,  
A score of watchmen in one battle;  
Wounds he's receiv'd—in all his clothes,  
And bled profusely—at the nose;  
For which, grown bolder still and braver,  
He basks in governmental favour.  
And who is he with feather'd head,  
A coat broad-fac'd with warlike red?  
That blust'ring—tell me what it means?  
Why, he's lieutenant of marines;  
Whose duty 'tis to follow fashions,  
To draw his pay and eat his rations;  
T' enlist recruits for calls emergent,  
To drill them, or to make his serjeant—  
Defraud them out of half their pay,

\* David Porter.























## CHAPTER III

### A SKETCH OF BIOGRAPHY

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;  
The rest is all but leather, or prunella.

POPE.

I glory in publicly avowing my eternal enmity to tyranny.

HANCOCK.

LET British novelists record  
The splendid virtues of "my lord,"  
And venal poetasters raise  
To titled fools the spaniel-praise;  
Or, let Americans, for shame,  
Extol a Burr's seditious name;  
The man of *honesty* and *merit*,  
Who holds a noble, gen'rous spirit,  
Though not two cents his pockets bless,  
Though plung'd in mis'ry and distress,  
Though driv'n, by want, to measures which  
There's no temptation for the rich;  
But who, with blacker crimes and folly,  
Are still denominated holy;  
That man is of more real worth,  
Although an alms-house were his birth,  
And ought, and must be counted greater,  
Than all the pompous knaves of state are;  
And more deserves the world's attention  
Than all the Burrites in—*convention*.  
Now by these presents all men know ye,  
Such is the character I'll show ye.

**A**MONG my new companions in arms, I observed one to whom I felt myself attracted, by the mysterious magnetism of congenial sympathy. There was something in his physiognomy indicative of merit superior to his station, and to the vacant

















## CHAPTER IV

### SUICIDE ATTEMPTED

READER! your patience for a while—  
'Tis granted—for I see you smile;  
But, looking gravely on the text,  
Ask what catastrophe comes next?  
Peruse, peruse a little further,  
And hear of love, and almost murder.  
Love is the strangest of all creatures,  
He lurks in *forms*, and kills in features—  
With lips and eyes, and though so simple,  
He sometimes murders with a *dimple*;  
But most delights to skulk in hearts,  
And other precious hidden parts;  
Whence creeping slyly through the veins,  
He takes possession of the brains;  
And when he once has enter'd there,  
He's metamorphos'd to despair.  
Love makes the wisest man a fool,  
And reason turns to ridicule;  
He wakes, some say, (and faith I know it)  
A love-crack'd pedagogue, a poet—  
In short, the little blind-fold boy  
Is equal friend and foe to joy.

**A**LTHOUGH I have been mentioning what was transacted on board of the *Philadelphia*, this was unavoidably necessary as being connected with the relation I was giving, and I now return to the place from whence I took my departure in the latitude and career of *éclat*.

Nothing of any great consequence occurred from the time I entered until we were sent on board of the frigate, excepting the







one enquire where he was; which was affirmed in the negative. He remained two or three days, for his ankle to gain strength. Another chaise was provided, and just as he was departing from the tavern, he saw two men riding towards them with great celerity. One of them was his father, who had heard of his route by means of the stage-driver, and the person who had taken him to the place where he now was. The old gentleman, infuriate in his wrath, struck him several times, and hired the man who was about to take him another course, to drive him to his home. On their return, his father lodged him in the common jail of the county, and he was treated with no less severity than a malefactor, until the old man received a letter from the merchant in Philadelphia, who informed him of the whole intrigue; and as a proof of what he wrote, enclosed the letter of his son, and one which the young lady had written to her lover, also. The whole mystery was now unravelled, by the hand of perfidy, and he immediately wrote an answer, that if he would find a match for the young woman, who was now in his power, or be the means, in any manner, of preventing his son's intended union with her, he would give him a thousand pounds. That, for fear his son might come there, he must remove her to some other place, and if he should come, not to let him see her at all on any account. As he had now found out the secret, and had taken such effectual measures to circumvent their designs, he took his son from prison, but still kept a strict watch over his actions, till he received another letter from the base and perfidious merchant of Philadelphia, informing him that he had sent the young lady over the Schuylkill, into the country, to remain in the house of a very wealthy Frenchman, who was an old bachelor, and had a very amiable sister, that was an excellent performer on the forte-piano; and as a pretext for sending her thither, she was to be taught the polite art of that music, by the French lady. He had told the Frenchman that she was his niece, and had persuaded her to consent to the collusion; which was no great evidence of the stability of her mind, or the sincerity of her heart. That he had









seized upon his lymphated senses: he ran from one public house to another, poured down the maddening cup of inebriation, and, in the paroxysms of hopeless grief, and frantic rage, attempted to leap into the pit of destruction.

He was taken to the habitation of benevolence itself—a worthy Quaker. The balmy cordial of heavenly consolation was poured into the deep wounds of his heart, by the lenient hand of divine humanity.

Since my return to America, I have seen the same person in New-York, and knew him by a certain scar in his face. He informed me that the humane Quaker above mentioned, and several other philanthropic gentlemen, wrote to his father, who immediately came to Philadelphia—informed him that the lady to whom he had wished him married was wedded to another—begged his forgiveness, with tears of remorse and renewed affection; and promised, if he would return home, never to thwart his inclinations again. That the lady, on being informed and convinced of his fidelity, and of the chicane and duplicity that had been the cause of her giving her hand to the Frenchman, wrote to him; and being assured of his undiminished attachment, and of his willingness to receive her, she had left her husband, who consented to relinquish her, when he found she did not love him, and for some trifling consideration gave her a divorce; and that they now lived and enjoyed uninterrupted felicity.

## CHAPTER V

### EMBARKATION—CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE—EXEMPLARY PUNISHMENT, &c.

PATRIOTISM is ever united with humanity and compassion. This noble affection, which impels us to sacrifice every thing dear, even life itself, to our country, involves in it a common sympathy and tenderness for *every citizen*, and must ever have a *particular feeling* for one who suffers in a public cause.

HANCOCK.

Now comes the time, and now the word,  
For soldiers to repair on board;  
And, sober as a gallows throng,  
With knapsacks slung, we march along;  
Enter the Trip'li destined frigate,  
Turn sailors, and assist to rig it.

Next morn we *chanc'd to live to see*  
Our annivers'ry jubilee! . . .  
Some *slaves* might independence hail,  
Or sing of *liberty* in *jail*,  
With more propriety than we,  
For all of *us* were *bound—to sea*.

Pray what's the end of punishment?  
To make men better, and repent?  
Or is it just for those who *fun wish*,  
To shew they have the *pow'r* to punish? . . .  
How few there are, t' *enslave*, to *kill*,  
Give them the *pow'r*, would lack the *will*.

IN the afternoon of the third of July, those of us who were destined for the frigate were ordered, at a moment's warning, to repair on board. All hands were employed in shipping her top-masts, taking in spars, lumber, rigging, &c. The ship



















## CHAPTER VI

### A VOYAGE

#### INVOCATION TO NEPTUNE

NEPTUNE, attend, god of the vast profound!  
Whose will controuls it, and whose pow'rs surround!  
When lightnings flash, tremend'ous thunders roar,  
And liquid mountains tumble to the shore,  
Thy awful mandate, sounding from afar,  
Can hush the din of elemental war;  
The restless billows lull to slumb'ring peace,  
And bid the whirlwind and the tempest cease!  
O make, in answer to our fervent pray'r,  
The Philadelphia thy peculiar care.  
To winds propitious all our sails unfurl'd,  
Bearing the ensign of a glorious world;  
Should in our cruise some hostile flag be seen,  
The Moor, Tripolitan, or Algerine—  
Should blood-stain'd Mars his hideous front display,  
And menace carnage to obstruct our way—  
As stern Ulysses, as Achilles bold,  
Or warlike Hector, in the days of old,  
The martial look of Bainbridge shall inspire  
The dauntless ardour of heroic fire;  
His sword shall triumph in the vengeful blow,  
And deal destruction to the recreant foe.  
So taught the muse prophetic—but the song  
Prov'd, in the sequel, the prediction wrong.

**W**E were divided into two watches; but all hands being kept constantly on deck in the day time, we had not more than four hours out of twenty-four, for relaxation and repose; and consequently, at every muster of the watch, during the night, stupified with lassitude, more or less would be found



















Ray," &c. And Capt. Bainbridge, after he had returned to America, in a letter to a friend of mine, says—"Ray has conducted himself in such a manner, as not only to gain my good opinion, but also, the respect and good will of all the other officers." By which it will appear, that, as I had the good opinion of the officers, it is not probable I was much punished by them; and if I was not much punished by them, it is not very probable that in making these remarks I have been actuated by selfish revenge.

## CHAPTER VII

### EXERCISING SHIP

Now for the rock our warlike frigate bore,  
Nor storms were felt to beat, nor heard to roar—  
“Clear ship for action!” sounds the boatswain’s call—  
“Clear ship for action!” his three mimicks bawl;  
Swift round the decks, see war’s dread weapons hurl’d,  
And floating ruins strew the wat’ry world!  
“All hands to quarters!” fore and aft resounds,  
Thrills from the fife, and from the drum-head bounds;  
From crowded hatchways scores on scores arise,  
Spring up the shrouds and vault into the skies!  
Firm at his quarters each bold gunner stands,  
The death-fraught lightning flashing from his hands!  
Touch’d at the word, tremendous cannons roar,  
The waves rush, trembling, to the viewless shore!  
From crackling muskets whizzing balls are sent,  
And, darting, pierce the liquid element!  
The fearful nations of the deep below,  
Fly the dire signals of impending woe;  
Air’s wild inhabitants in clouds convene,  
And wing impetuous from the frightful scene;  
Men seek the spoils of the eventful fight,  
Lo! not an enemy nor a sail in sight!  
What then? must poets ne’er record a deed,  
Nor sing of battles, but when thousands bleed?  
Can naught but blood and carnage yield delight?  
Or mangled carcasses regale the sight?  
Which shews more God-like, men to save—or kill?  
Their *sweat*, by exercise, or *blood* to spill?  
Which sounds more grateful to the man humane,  
To hear of hundreds’ health, or hundreds slain?  
No blood here flows, no hero’s dying groans,



















zine—the cabin furniture destroyed—battle-axes, pikes, cutlasses, pistols, muskets, and all implements of war, thrown over-board. All hands were then called to muster on the quarter-deck. Captain Bainbridge read a clause in the articles of war, stating that our wages would continue while we were prisoners of war; encouraged us to hope for ransom by our country, and advised us to behave with circumspection and propriety among our barbarous captors.

To witness the odd appearance of our provident tars at this solemn hour would have excited risibility in the muscles of an expiring saint. Some of them with three or four pair of trowsers, and as many shirts on, with handkerchiefs stuffed with handkerchiefs round their necks, and their bosoms crammed with clothes and provisions, bore the resemblance of Blunt, in puppet-show, or Falstaff, in comedy.

















































The least of my wants not a soul has reliev'd,  
Nor friendship invited a beam;  
From you the first crust of regard I receiv'd—  
From you the first crumb of esteem.

Then take the fond lay as the yeast of return,  
For, while I thus indigent live,  
Though my breast, like an oven, with gratitude burn,  
'Tis all I am able to give.















in a flower-garden, was much more pleasing to the Doctor, than the company of a languishing sailor, in a dreary cell. The gratification of his vanity was obviously anterior to the offices of humanity. He frequently informs us of his prescriptions for the Bashaw and his family, but seldom mentions the sickness or sufferings of his own countrymen. Hilliard died of a flux, which might have been greatly mitigated, if not cured, had he received proper medical attention.

## ELEGY

*On the death of JOHN HILLIARD, who died Jan. 3d, 1804, in the prison of Tripoli.*

[Published in the *Port Folio*.]

HILLIARD, of painful life bereft,  
Is now a slave no more;  
But here no relative has left,  
His exit to deplore!

No parent, no fond brother, stands  
Around his clay-cold bed;  
No wife, with tender, trembling hands,  
Supports his dying head.

No sister follows or attends  
His melancholy bier;  
Nor from a lover's eye descends  
The soft distilling tear;—

But foes, and of a barb'rous kind,  
Surround him as he dies;  
A horror to his fainting mind,  
And to his closing eyes.

What though no monumental stone  
Bespeaks a guilty name,  
By splendid trophies basely won,  
Damn'd to eternal fame;















































































## CHAPTER XI

### ELEGY

*On the death of Lieutenant JAMES DECATUR, who fell August 8d, 1804, in an action with the Tripolitan gun-boats.*

THROUGH these drear walls, where fiends horrific reign,  
Chill the faint heart and rend the frantic brain!  
Where, void of friends, of pleasure, food or rest,  
Tormenting slavery preys upon our breast;  
From yon thick squadron, whence we hope to hear  
The voice of freedom charm the captive's ear,  
Sounds the sad tale, DECATUR's name deplore,  
For that young hopeful hero breathes no more!  
He left, to free us from barbarian chains,  
Columbia's blooming groves and peaceful plains;  
Forever sacred be those arms he wore,  
The cause that mov'd him, and the barque that bore,  
'Twas heav'n's own cause—'twas freedom's injur'd name,  
The love of country, and the voice of fame  
Call'd forth his active martial skill to go  
Scour the wide deep and scourge the tyrant foe;  
Dauntless he fights, where dying groans resound,  
And thund'ring carnage roars tremendous round—  
'Till heav'n beheld him with propitious eyes,  
And snatch'd his kindred spirit to the skies.  
When from the Turks his mangled form they bore  
With glory cover'd, bath'd in streaming gore,  
Bewailing friends his ghastly wounds survey'd,  
Which bid defiance to all human aid,  
When life stood trembling, ling'ring in its flight,  
And heav'n's blest visions dawn'd upon his sight;  
The radiant shades of heroes hov'ring round,  
Midst harps of angels, with reviving sound,  
Sooth'd the last pangs of his undaunted breast,











suspected of the robbery, and unless we would give information of the perpetrator no holiday should be allowed us, but that we should spend the day in close confinement and without food. They kept us in until about ten o'clock, when it being discovered that Selim, the Bashaw's son-in-law, who carried the keys of the stores, had committed the crime by selling the cordage clandestinely to a Tunisian merchant, we were allowed to come out and bring our provisions and wine to the prison. The Bashaw ordered his son-in-law 500 bastinadoes; but he fled to a Marabewt, and escaped punishment. The remainder of the day was spent if not with the greatest festivity, with decent propriety, and was ended in perfect unanimity. Among a number of songs in the evening the following, though not composed on the occasion, and perhaps not applicable to the particular genius of the day, was nevertheless sung by unanimous request.

## SONG

Tune—"Madam you know my trade is war."

1. COLUMBIA! while the sons of fame  
 Thy freedom through the world proclaim,  
 And hell-born tyrants dread the name  
     That wills all nations free;  
 Remote on Barb'ry's pirate coast,  
 By foes enslav'd, a miscreant host,  
 No more the rights of man we boast;  
     Adieu, blest Liberty!
  
2. How fearful lour'd the gloomy day  
 When, stranded on the shoals, we lay  
 Expos'd, our foremast cut away,  
     To the rough-dashing sea;  
 When hostile gun-boats thunder'd round,  
 And no relief nor hopes were found,  
 The mournful words swell'd ev'ry sound,  
     Adieu, blest Liberty!

3. In helpless servitude, forlorn,  
 From country, friends and freedom torn,  
 Alike we dread each night and morn,  
     For nought but grief we see;  
 When burthens press—the lash we bear,  
 And all around is black despair,  
 We breathe the silent, fervent pray'r,  
     O come, blest Liberty!
  
4. Mem'ry, to mis'ry e'er unkind,  
 Brings present to the painful mind,  
 The woes oblivion else would find,  
     And evils cease to be;  
 And fancy, when we're wrapp'd in sleep,  
 Conveys us o'er the boundless deep;  
 But wak'd to sigh, we live to weep,  
     Adieu, blest Liberty!
  
5. And when invading cannons roar,  
 And life and blood from hundreds pour,  
 And mangled bodies float ashore,  
     And ruins strew the sea;  
 The thoughts of death, or freedom, near,  
 Create alternate hope and fear;  
 Oh! when will that blest day appear,  
     That brings sweet Liberty!
  
6. When rear'd on yonder castle's height,  
 The naked flagstaff's drest in white,  
 We gaze enraptur'd at the sight;  
     How happy shall we be!  
 When thund'ring guns proclaim a peace,  
 Our toils all o'er, our woes shall cease;  
 We'll bless the pow'r that brings release,  
     And hail sweet Liberty!

We sent our thanks to Captain Bainbridge for his compliance with our request, and on the first of January he ordered us the same quantity of provisions and wine as before. I was told to take eight men, go to the Danish Consul's, and get the wine.























or suspended, one above another, to the vertex of the arch. Out of our allowance of oil we saved enough to light our gloomy prison at night. There were three hundred and fifty persons, including Neapolitans, nocturnal inhabitants of this prison, and more than two hundred lamps burning every night. When every lamp was lighted, every arch, and every cot in each arch illuminated, the whole made a romantic, multiform and grand display of pompous misery.



## CHAPTER XII

### *DESCRIPTION OF THE PLACE*

YE lurid domes! whose tott'ring columns stand,  
Marks of the despot's desolating hand:  
Whose weed-grown roofs and mould'ring arches show  
The curse of tyranny, a nation's woe;  
In ev'ry ruin—ev'ry pile I find  
A warning lesson to a thoughtful mind.  
Your gloomy cells expressive silence break,  
Echo to groans and eloquently speak:—  
"The Christian's blood cements the stones he rears;  
"This clay was moistened with a Christian's tears;  
"Pale as these walls a pris'ner oft has lain,  
"Felt the keen scourge and worn the ruthless chain;  
"While scoffing foes increasing tortures pour,  
"Till the poor victim feels, alas! no more!"  
Here thy brave tars, America, are found  
Lock'd in foul prisons and in fetters bound.  
Heav'ns! what sad times! must free Columbians bow  
Before yon tinsel'd tyrant's murky brow?  
Cringe to a pow'r which death and rapine crown?  
Smile at a smile, and tremble at a frown?  
Kneel at a throne, its clemency implore,  
Enrich'd by spoils and stain'd with human gore?  
Bear the sharp lash, the pond'rous load sustain,  
Suppress their anger, and revenge restrain?  
Leave a free clime, explore the treach'rous waves,  
The sport of miscreants and the slave of slaves?  
Heav'ns! at the sight each patriot bosom glows  
With virtuous hatred on its country's foes;  
At ev'ry blow indignant passions rise,  
And vengeance flashes from resentful eyes.  
But heav'n is just, though man's bewilder'd mind  
To mystic ways of Providence is blind;  
Else why are some ordain'd above the rest,  
Or villains treated better than the best?





















































Ever since the attempts of Charles V, to reduce Algiers and Tunis, which would have been followed by a subjection of Tripoli and all the Barbary powers, they have continued to carry on the trade of piracy against the Christians, and have lately pretty much freed themselves from the Turkish yoke.





































































































































but excite a spirit of hostility to our commerce; more particularly so as this is the chief article of exportation in both countries; from which the governments receive their principal revenue, and an article which always commands ready sale and cash payment, or advantageous barter.

In case of a rupture with either or both those regencies, a plentiful supply of this article to those ports in the Mediterranean, and a close blockade of the enemy's ports, might bring them to their senses. It would be, next to an invasion of their country, the most wounding blow which could be inflicted.—It would convince them that they have as much need of our friendship as we have of theirs. Are not such the principles of reciprocity we should wish to establish?

ON the 15th April, in this year, the Bashaw of Tunis wrote to the President of the United States, for forty pieces of cannon, 24 pounders, &c.

As has been observed, the expedition of Commodore Dale was attended with little or no success. He left the station, and was succeeded by Commodore Morris, in the spring of 1802. The reprehensible conduct of this dilatory commodore, is sufficiently exposed in the preceding remarks of Gen. Eaton. It was in April or May when he arrived on the station, and we hear nothing of his making his appearance on the Barbary coast until the February following. These circumstances of his delinquency, and his treatment of Valenzin, the Jew, ought to stamp his character with eternal infamy!

On the 15th of June, the brig *Franklin*, Captain Morris, from Philadelphia, was captured by a Tripolitan corsair, adjacent to Carthage; and another American brig, which was in company, got off. On the 26th she was carried into Algiers—of the crew there were eight—they were all loaded with chains.



THIS year was distinguished by no other events than what have been mentioned; and it would puzzle the most scrutinizing enquirer to find out what our mighty commodore and his squadron were doing through the whole season: for, as Gen. Eaton says, during the term of a year from his first arrival on the station, he never burnt an ounce of powder, except at a royal salute, fired at Gibraltar, in celebration of the birthday of his Britannic majesty; and that during the period of 17 months, he commanded the whole force of the United States in the Mediterranean, he was only *nineteen days* before the enemy's port!

On the 22d May, 1808, Commodore Morris, for the first time, made his appearance off Tripoli! And what did he achieve? Nothing: after tarrying 19 days, he returned to his usual employment, and was succeeded in his command by Commodore Preble. During, or in the course of this summer, Captain Rodgers destroyed a Tripolitan corvette, and took a number of prisoners. It was on the 5th of October, when Commodore Preble arrived at Tangier Bay, and I should have mentioned that Capt. Rodgers had the command of the squadron from the time Commodore Morris left it, until Preble arrived. His operations off Tripoli, the fate of the *Philadelphia*, &c. have all been related, and need not a recapitulation.

## CHAPTER XV

### SKETCH OF GENERAL EATON'S EXPEDITION

#### *LINES ADDRESSED TO GEN. EATON,*

*On reading the Congressional debate respecting his Golden Medal. Written on board the U. States frigate Essex.*

AND was it, then, a subject of debate,  
With those wise *Solons*, in the house of state,  
Whether should *Derne's* conqu'rer stand or fall,  
Or matchless bravery meet reward at all?  
Whether should EATON, *unexampled* brave,  
Who fought to rescue, and who bled to save  
*Three hundred captive souls* from chains and death,  
Whose lives hung, trembling, on a murd'rer's breath,  
Whether his name descend to future days,  
On the bright *Medal* of a nation's praise?  
Or, should his trophies be by all forgot,  
Mix with the rubbish of the times, and rot?

"Small was his force, half naked were his foes,  
"And, tho' so num'rous, easy to oppose."  
Thus argu'd *Randolph*; *Clay* the same avows,  
And fain would pluck the laurel from his brows—  
The sword of vict'ry from his hand would wrest,  
And tear the badge of valor from his breast;  
But thank them not, though justice still is found,  
And grateful honours wreath his temples round.

And was it nought those burning sands t' explore,  
Where feet of Christians never trod before?  
Where freedom's banners ne'er had been unfurl'd,  
Since the bold Romans flourish'd o'er the world?  
'Midst fierce Barbarians, whom no laws can bind,  
Wild as the waves, and treach'rous as the wind,  
To rear that standard and so long defend,  
With less than *twelve* on whom he might depend?



To storm a citadel of tenfold might,  
 And hold that fortress till the flag of white  
 Woo'd him to yield it, on the terms of peace—  
 Who gave his captive countrymen release?  
 For EATON's boldness first appall'd the foe,  
 Who, forc'd like Pharaoh, let the people go.

When the blest shade of WASHINGTON, above,  
 Saw the bold chief thro' Lybian deserts move,  
 The sword of vengeance waving in the sky,  
 Resolv'd to free his brethren, or to die,  
 Those patriot 'lev'n, attending on his way,  
 His visage beam'd a more celestial ray;  
 To WARREN and MONTGOM'RY shew'd the sight,  
 Then sunk in glory, and absorb'd in light.

Oh! did he live! did *Vernon's* boast again  
 Shine in our fields, or in our councils reign,  
 His voice from EATON never would withhold,  
 Altho' with pearls enrich'd, the burnish'd gold;  
 But by his hand would ardently be prest,  
 The conscious symbol to his dauntless breast.

Then let mean envy *Randolph's* spite betray,  
 And dart thine arrows, impious hand of *Clay!*  
 The hand of heav'n—for heav'n rewards the brave,  
 Will bless thee, EATON, e'en beyond the grave.  
 While gratitude shall warm Columbia's breast,  
 Thy name shall live, thy merits stand confest;  
 Thy deeds shall brighten on th' historic page  
 Year after year, and age succeeding age—  
 Wreaths of thy fame, transferr'd by bards sublime,  
 Shall bloom forever mid the wrecks of time.

SOME circumstances relative to the origin of this expedition have been already mentioned. The disinterested patriotism, the enterprize, the activity and the intrepidity of this second Leonidas, cannot be too highly appreciated, or too much extolled. Had he not been basely deserted by Com. Barron, who had promised to aid his exertions, he would unavoidably have marched triumphantly to Tripoli, and saved the United States 60,000 dollars, besides a large amount of national honour.—The































the trial. And if any delinquent shall make his escape, the consul shall not be answerable for him in any manner whatever.

Art. 20. Should any of the citizens of the United States of America die within the limits of the regency of Tripoli, the Bashaw and his subjects shall not interfere with the property of the deceased, but it shall be under the immediate directions of the consul, unless otherwise disposed of by will. Should there be no consul, the effects shall be deposited in the hands of some person worthy of trust, until the party shall appear who has a right to demand them, when they shall render an account of the property. Neither shall the Bashaw or his subjects give hindrance in the execution of any will that may appear.

*[Signed with the names of both the contracting parties.]*

### LIST OF THE NAVAL FORCE

*Which might have been employed before Tripoli, by the middle of July, actually at rendezvous at Syracuse, the fourth and eleventh.—*

#### *Frigates—*

1. President,	44 guns.
2. Constitution,	44
3. Congress,	36
4. Constellation,	36
5. Essex,	32
6. John Adams,	32

#### *Brigs.—*

1. Argus,	18
2. Syren,	18
3. Vixen,	14
4. Franklin,	8



*Schooners.—*

1. Enterprise,	14
2. Nautilus,	14

*Sloop.—*

1. Hornet,	8
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Carrying in all 318 guns & mortars

*Gun-Boats from the United States.—*

No. 1 not sail'd.

Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

7 not arrived.

Nos. 8, 9.

*Gun-boats from Tripoli—two.*

*Gun-boats from the Adriatic—six.*

Total number of guns, including 33 belonging to the gun-boats, 351.

Commodore Preble attacked Tripoli successfully with less than one third this force; and with no collateral circumstances in his favour.

This force, in coöperation with Eaton and the Ex-Bashaw, would undoubtedly have coerced the tyrant of Tripoli in a very short time.

The size of this volume will not admit of my mentioning much more of the public transactions of the United States with Tripoli; but as the case of David Valenzin, the Jew, has been hinted at, I shall here insert the report of the committee of claims, to whom was referred the petition of the said David Valenzin; by which it will be seen, that it was the evident intention of Commodore Morris, and some other gentlemen of the navy, to have defrauded





















They were placed in an erect posture against the wall—an iron ring around their necks—their arms extended and pinned to the wall, and their feet chained to the floor. In this situation many a hapless wretch, without the least shadow of a crime, has wasted his life in fruitless lamentations and excruciating agonies. Just released from Turkish slavery, the reflections and sensations which a sight like this inspired are to be conceived, but not described.

Contiguous to the cave is a spacious amphitheatre, cut out of the like stone. It is covered with moss and very much decayed.

On our return we visited the catacombs. Their entrance is through a Church, where we found a grey old Italian, who lighted a torch and conducted us into this subterraneous repository of the dead. It is partitioned into vaults—about twelve feet wide, arched, and between seven and eight feet in height.

From the time I was liberated from Tripoli until my arrival in America, I was considered as and did the duty of captain's clerk. As I contemplate publishing a pamphlet, supplementary to this volume, I must beg to be excused for an abrupt conclusion.

FINIS

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# POETRY,

*PUBLISHED IN*

**The Albany Register,**

**DURING THE SUMMER OF 1867.**

---

*BY WILLIAM RAY.*

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## INDEPENDENCE

TUNE—"Anacreon in Heaven."

**M**ORE free than the Mohawk that glides thro' our plains,  
Republicans! meet round this joyous libation;  
From freedom-blest millions resound the bold strains—  
From earth-tilling peasants, the lords of our nation,  
Loud echoes to fame,  
The day shall proclaim,  
That gave Independence her blood-written name,  
And own'd Nature's equal eternal decree—  
Heav'n ne'er form'd you slaves—man was born to live free.

While JEFFERSON o'er us sublimely sits head,  
No treason the league-union'd states can dissever;  
Of freedom the guardian—of tyrants the dread,  
His name will grow dearer and dearer forever;  
When worlds cannot save—  
Green garlands shall wave,  
And Liberty blossom o'er Jefferson's grave,  
To prove nature's equal eternal decree—  
Heav'n ne'er form'd us slaves—man was born to live free.

From no haughty lordlings our tenures we hold,  
From natives we bought the rich soil we inherit,  
Our great and our mighty—the wise and the bold,  
The badge of their pow'r is the pledge of their merit;  
If, traitors, they yield  
The blood-purchas'd field  
No wealth shall avail them—no dignity shield;  
They curse Nature's equal eternal decree—  
Heav'n ne'er form'd us slaves—man was born to live free.

Where late yell'd the savage, and wolves howl'd for prey,  
 Gay villages rise and the arts flourish round us;  
 And science forth beams like the dawning of day,  
 Nor earth holds our commerce, nor ocean can bound us;  
     Lo! India's vast shore  
     Our seamen explore!  
 See Lybia's wild deserts an EATON march o'er!  
 To prove Nature's equal eternal decree—  
 Heav'n ne'er form'd us slaves—man was born to live free.

Those heav'n-belov'd heroes, who fought, bled and died,  
 To give us our wisdom-built free constitution,  
 Stars mounting, the ruins of time shall outride—  
 Their virtues out-blazon the earth's dissolution!  
     Through death's darkest gloom  
     Fresh laurels shall bloom,  
 And youth spring immortal from Washington's tomb!  
 To prove Nature's final eternal decree—  
 Heav'n ne'er form'd us slaves—man was born to live free.

Then free as yon Mohawk that glides through the plains,  
 Republicans! meet round this joyous libation;  
 From freedom-blest millions resound the bold strains—  
 From earth-tilling peasants, the lords of our nation,  
     Loud echoes to fame,  
     The day shall proclaim,  
 That gave Independence her blood-written name,  
 And own'd Nature's equal eternal decree—  
 Heav'n ne'er form'd us slaves—man was born to live free.

*Amsterdam, N. Y., July 4, 1807.*

WAR;  
OR A PROSPECT OF IT,

*From recent instances of British outrage.*

**V**OT'RIES of Freedom, arm!  
The British Lion roars!  
Legions of valor, take th' alarm—  
Rush, rush to guard our shores!

Behold the horrid deed—  
Your brethren gasping lie!  
Beneath a tyrant's hand they bleed—  
They groan—they faint—they die.

Vet'rans of seventy-six,  
Awake the slumb'ring sword!  
Hearts of your murd'rous foes transfix—  
'Tis vengeance gives the word.

Remember Lexington,  
And Bunker's tragic hill;  
The same who spilt your blood thereon,  
Your blood again would spill.

Ye who have seen your wives,  
Your children, and your sires,  
To British ruffians yield their lives,  
And roast in savage fires;

Our cities lost in flames—  
Your mothers captive led—



Rise and avenge their injur'd names,  
Ye kindred of the dead.

But not Revenge alone,  
Should urge you to the field!  
Let Duty lead you firmly on,  
And Justice be your shield.

Sure as we fail to join  
And crush our impious foes,  
War, fire and sword, and death combine,  
And woes succeed to woes.

Behold, with blushes red,  
The sea like blood appears;  
Our streams are bridg'd with fancied dead,  
And brim'd with orphans' tears;

But Union can perform  
The wonders of a host—  
Avert the danger, quell the storm,  
And drive them from our coast.

Unite, and side by side  
Meet vict'ry or your graves;  
That moment we in War divide,  
That moment we are slaves.

*July 20, 1807.*

## CASH

**W**ISE moralists in vain have told  
How sordid is the love of gold,  
Which they call filthy trash;  
Thou stranger of these eyes of mine,  
Ten thousand virtues still are thine,  
Thou all-sufficient CASH!

Though thy intrinsic worth be small,  
Yet, money, thou art all in all—  
Though transient as a flash,  
In passing just from hand to hand,  
The earth is at thy sole command—  
It gravitates to CASH.

Possess'd of thee, we may defy  
Not death itself—but very nigh,  
For when the tyrant's lash  
Is felt (and ah! 'twas felt by me)  
It *did*—it *will* the vassal free—  
Then who despises CASH?

By nature void of ev'ry grace,  
If thou hast (reader! view thy face)  
But this cosmetic wash;  
'Twill whiten and improve the skin,  
Thy monkey-nose, thy cheeks, thy chin,  
Are beautified by CASH.

And though your mental pow'rs be weak,  
(To you who money have I speak)  
Ne'er fear to cut a dash;

For men of genius and of sense,  
If *poor*, will make a *poor* defence  
Against the man of CASH.

Or, should you for the basest crimes,  
Become indicted fifty times,  
This settles all the hash;  
For bills which leave the poor no hope  
T' escape the dungeon, or the rope,  
Are cancell'd, all, by CASH.

Nay, 'twill be found that money can  
The grovelling beast transform to man,  
Though diff'rent natures clash;  
For 'tis a fact beyond dispute,  
The miser's far beneath the brute—  
A lump of living CASH.

And yet what crowds around him wait—  
Behold him cloth'd in pow'r and state—  
The garter, star and sash;  
Fools fly before the potent nod  
Of him whose flesh, whose soul, whose God,  
Whose heav'n itself is CASH.

But, sons of Plutus, lest you go  
To those infernal *mines* below,  
Where teeth are said to gnash,  
Give to the needy—bribe the grave—  
O, if you wish your souls to save,  
Be gen'rous of your CASH.

## TRIUMPH OF PRINCIPLES

*In the election of Governor Tompkins.—Quidism deprecated.*

C ALL'D to the governmental chair,  
By half a million's voice;  
A character so bright, so fair,  
Is worthy of the choice.

A name, expiring envy owns,  
Has robb'd her of her breath;  
And fell detraction vents her groans,  
As in the pangs of death.

And malice casts a dying glance,  
And bites her serpent-tongue—  
For all she ever could advance,  
Was—"Tompkins is too young!"

And youth is an atrocious crime,  
—Devoid of sense or wit—  
So Walpole, on a certain time,  
Declar'd to William Pitt.

When William, saucy youth, replied,  
Though vast your life appears,  
Your crimes, your follies and your pride,  
Are equal to your years.

No matter whether *young* or *old*—  
*Where* born, of *whom* or *when*;  
For true republicans all hold  
To *principles*—not *men*.

And now, while war impending low'rs,  
And threatens to descend;  
From discord, O ye gracious pow'rs,  
Our citizens defend.

From governors, though grey with age,  
Who base apostates prove,  
And sacrifice to party rage  
Their patriotic love:

From senators who strive to bribe  
The councils of the state,  
And all the treason-fav'ring tribe,  
However *would-be* great:

From demagogues of ev'ry name,  
Who all their arts employ,  
The people's passions to enflame—  
The people to destroy.

The monarchist, we often find,  
Is loyal to his king;  
The hog acts after his own kind,  
The scorpion hath his sting:

Some fed'ralists are men of *worth*,  
Some virtues have, though hid;  
But, of all animals on earth,  
O save us from the *Quid!*

## TO THE MEMORY OF COMMODORE PREBLE

**W**HILE War, fierce monster, stain'd with guiltless blood,  
Roars, threats, and rages round th' infuriate flood;  
While hostile Britons murd'ring fleets employ  
T' infest our harbours and our ships destroy—

Impress our tars in their inglorious cause,  
In base defiance of all nations' laws;  
When each bold vet'ran, in his country's name,  
Is call'd to save her freedom and her fame;  
When few whose brav'ry and whose nautic skill  
Can duly execute her sovereign will;  
What sighs of sorrow waft from shore to shore,  
With these sad tidings—"*Preble is no more!*"

Erst when mad Tripoli, in prowess vain,  
With her rapacious corsairs block'd the main;  
Pour'd round our ships in predatory swarms,  
With purple banners and audacious arms—  
Our neutral cargoes plunder'd on the waves,  
And made our free-born citizens her slaves;  
When our late frigate groan'd upon the shoals,  
So deeply freighted with three hundred souls,  
Who sigh'd in durance till yon lamp of night  
Full twenty changes had renew'd its light,  
'Twas *Preble* first that dauntless squadron led,  
Where *Somers* perish'd, and *Decatur* bled;  
Where *Wadsworth*, *Israel*, met in death their fate,  
With kindred martyrs equally as great;  
'Twas *Preble* first those barb'rous pirates show'd—  
*Justice was all the tribute that we ow'd,*  
And prov'd that when Columbia vengeance bears,  
'Tis nought but *mercy* that the victim spares.

Let British bards, in mercenary lays,  
 Chaunt forth elegiac strains to Nelson's praise;  
 Though oft victorious, and though madly brave,  
 He fought that tyranny might crush the slave;  
 He fought that tyrants o'er the world might rule,  
 And died a mad-man, as he liv'd a fool.

But *Preble's* cause e'en heav'n itself might own,  
 In heav'n 'tis cherish'd, and through earth 'tis known!  
 In heav'n 'tis warbled from enraptured choirs,  
 It charms their numbers, and it tunes their lyres—  
 The cause of FREEDOM—dear to him who knows  
 The adverse horrors, and the poignant woes  
 Of slav'ry, dungeons, hunger, stripes and chains,  
 With dismal prospects of augmented pains!  
 To free the captive, noble, gen'rous deed,  
 Who would not swear to fight, or sigh to bleed?  
 To free the captive, *Preble* wing'd his aid,  
 And greater valor never was display'd,  
 When round our prison's solitary walls  
 Burst the dread meteor-bomb-shells—rain'd the balls!  
 Our hearts for liberty or death beat high,  
 And who for freedom would not wish to die?  
 To him we look'd, on him our hopes relied—  
 The friend of seamen, and the seaman's pride;  
 To him we look'd, and righteous heav'n implor'd  
 To speed the vengeance of his slaught'ring sword;  
 Nor is he now, though vain his efforts prov'd,  
 The less lamented or the less belov'd;  
 But each late captive, year succeeding year,  
 Will bless his mem'ry, and his name revere.

Yes, gallant chief! though virtuous, just and brave,  
 Thine is the lot of man—the dreary grave!  
 With heroes sainted, who have gone before,  
 Like them we priz'd thee, and like them deplore!  
 And though thine arm, of Barb'ry once the dread,

Lies cold and wither'd 'midst the unconscious dead,  
Unfading laurels at thy name shall bloom,  
Spring from thy dust, and flourish round thy tomb!

Lamented chief! though death be calmly past,  
Our Navy trembled when he breath'd his last!  
Our Navy mourns him, but it mourns in vain,  
A *Preble* ne'er will live—ne'er die again!  
Yet hope desponding, at the thought revives,  
A second *Preble*!—a *Decatur* lives!  
*His* worth, *his* merit, *well* are understood,  
His hand is skilful and his heart is good;  
Bold shall he chase yon demons of the wave,  
For all who know him—know him to be brave.

To him Columbia casts her streaming eyes,  
Wipes their free torrent, and suspends her sighs.

*September 7, 1807.*



## SPRING

[*Published in the NORTHERN BUDGET—Troy, May 3, 1808.*]

**H**OW pleasing, now, to range the fields,  
When nature all her fragrance yields,  
And when she deigns to bring,  
Of vernal joys, the green-rob'd train,  
Who dance, enraptur'd, o'er the plain,  
Led by the charmer, SPRING.

The lambs their sprightly gambols play,  
The birds awake the matin lay,  
And mount upon the wing—  
Convene, and, forming dulcet choirs,  
Sate their chaste, innocent desires,  
And hail the smiling SPRING.

Not the sweet voices of the *Nine*,  
Should *Orpheus* and *Apollo* join,  
And each attune the string,  
Could half the music yield, for me,  
As, warbling from yon bush and tree,  
The melody of SPRING.

Though, naked and forlorn, the trees  
(Like sailors shipwreck'd on the seas)  
Late felt the Winter's sting,  
'Tis thine to clothe them, and to warm,  
To feed them—to repel the storm—  
So beautiful is SPRING.

Though modern bards, and those of yore,  
Have sung thy praises o'er and o'er,  
    Again the Muse shall sing  
Of all thy virtues, and thy pow'r  
To charm the bud into a flow'r,  
    Thou soul-enliv'ning *SPRING*.

Confin'd to cities' noisy sports,  
Whether in Congress, or in courts,  
    'Tis but a joyless thing;  
Midst the dull round of pleasures stale,  
The cit but seldom can inhale  
    The balmy breath of *SPRING*.

While tumults craze the heads of state,  
The rich, voluptuous and the great,  
    Or President, or King;  
The peasant, in his homely fare,  
Devoid of titles, wealth or care,  
    Tastes all the sweets of *SPRING*.

But since the fairest flow'r must fade—  
Must meet destruction all that's made,  
    When Death his dart shall fling,  
Let us enjoy the passing hour,  
Till we arrive where ev'ry flow'r  
    Blooms in eternal *SPRING*.



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# **THE NARRATIVE OF JONATHAN RATHBUN**

**OF THE CAPTURE OF FORT GRISWOLD, THE MASSACRE THAT  
FOLLOWED, AND THE BURNING OF NEW LONDON,  
CONN., SEPTEMBER 6, 1781.**

**WITH THE NARRATIVES OF RUFUS AVERY  
AND STEPHEN HEMPSTEAD,  
EYE WITNESSES.**

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**NEW LONDON, CONN.**

**1840**

**NEW AND REVISED EDITION, INCLUDING THE NARRATIVE  
OF THOMAS HERTTELL, 1832.**

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*Reproduction of original Title Page as near as possible*

NARRATIVE  
OF  
JONATHAN RATHBUN,  
WITH  
ACCURATE ACCOUNTS  
OF THE  
CAPTURE OF GROTON FORT,  
THE  
MASSACRE THAT FOLLOWED,  
AND THE  
SACKING AND BURNING OF NEW LONDON,  
*September 6, 1781, by the British Forces, under the  
command of the*  
TRAITOR BENEDICT ARNOLD.

---

BY RUFUS AVERY  
AND  
STEPHEN HEMPSTEAD,  
*Eye witnesses of the same.*

---

TOGETHER WITH AN  
INTERESTING APPENDIX.





## EDITOR'S PREFACE

Personal narratives of private soldiers of our Revolution are invaluable, though as short as they are few in number (not a dozen in all are known to the writer).

This little volume, which bears no place of publication, was probably published at New London. It includes the names of the killed and wounded at the capture of Fort Griswold, and we have added the account of Thomas Herttell, taken from the *New York Sun* of —, 1832 (it has only once appeared in book form, and that many years ago).

As Rathbun has been accused of “doctoring” Avery’s narrative, we print the latter’s account, after Rathbun’s version, taken from what is said to have been the only copy made from the original MS. Yet we find even in this some variations. Rathbun probably thought a more “hifalutin” style would help the sale of his book.





minute particulars respecting the events of the fatal 6th of September, 1781, which have never before appeared in print; and though history has recorded the outlines and monuments stand to perpetuate the sanguinary facts, those who read this account will have an impression of that day which none but an actor in the scene can impart.

Fathers, read it to your children, and early impress on their minds a love for Freedom, and teach them to detest a traitor like Arnold, and to scorn the inhuman and dishonorable conduct of the frenzied villain who murdered our brave Ledyard with his own sword after surrendering!

For the perusal of the young, it is especially appropriate, as what they can obtain from history will be explained to their understandings, and when those in the vicinity tread the ground of New London and Groton, they will feel as if a voice echoed from the now peaceful hills, inspiring them with new ardour and zeal for their rights as freemen, and boldness in defending their country from foreign invasion.









One evening the orderly sergeants passed around among the men and with a whisper commanded us to equip ourselves without noise; and then we were marched out of the fort to a woods two miles distant, and ordered to lie down on the frozen ground, where we passed a bitter cold night with only a single blanket and our overcoats to protect us. We afterwards learned that this step was taken to avoid the enemy, who it was reported were that night to attack the fort with an overwhelming force. From such exposures and hardships as these my constitution received a shock, from which I have never recovered. The sickness of my father was considered a sufficient reason for giving me a discharge; and after eleven months' service I left Stamford for Colchester. On reaching home I was immediately taken sick, and for six months was unable to do any business. From that time mingled mercies and misfortunes have attended me. The infirmities thus contracted in the service of my country disabled me from arduous manual labor, and much of my life has therefore been spent in trade and other light employments. My heaviest misfortune, however, has been the sickness of my excellent wife, who for forty years has been confined to her bed, and for whose medication and comfort, with the other expenses of my family, the earnings of my industry have proved insufficient, especially since the infirmities of old age have come upon me. But of none of these things do I complain. They are wisely appointed, and have been greatly alleviated by the kindness of a generous community. I mention them for the sole object of interesting my countrymen in my present effort to supply my wants through this little book.

JONATHAN RATHBUN.

























then from these I had to fall, or throw myself into the boat. My distress of body and agitated feelings I cannot describe; and no relief could be anticipated, but only forebodings of a more severe fate. A prisoner with an enemy, an enraged and revengeful enemy, is a place where I pray my reader may never come. They made us all lie down under the seats on which the men sat to row, and so we were conveyed to the brig; going on board, we were ordered to stand in one rank by the gunwale, and in front of us was placed a spar, within about a foot of each man. Here we stood, with a sentry to each of us, having orders to shoot or bayonet us if we attempted to stir out of our place. All this time we had nothing to eat or drink, and it rained and was very cold. We were detained in this position about two hours, when we had liberty to go about the main deck. Night approached and we had no supper, nor anything to lie upon but the wet deck. We were on board this brig about four days, and then were removed on board a ship commanded by Captain Scott, who was very kind to the prisoners. He took me onto the quarter deck with him, and appeared to have the heart of a man. I should think he was about sixty years of age. I remained with him until I was exchanged. Captain Nathaniel Shaw came down to New York with the American flag, after me and four others who were prisoners with me, and belonged to Fort Griswold, and who were brave and fine young men. General Mifflin<sup>6</sup> went with the British flag to meet this American flag. I sailed with him about twenty miles. He asked me many questions, all of which I took caution how I answered, and gave him no information. I told him I was very sorry that he should come to destroy so many, many brave men, burn their property, distress so many families and make such desolation. I did not think they could be said to be honorable in so doing. He said, "We might thank our own countrymen for it." I told him I had no thanks for him. I then asked the General if

<sup>6</sup> We have been unable to identify this British officer.—(ED.)

I might ask him a few questions. "As many as you please." I asked him "how many of the army who made the attack upon New London and Groton were missing? As you, sir, are the commissary of the British army, I suppose you can tell." He replied, "that by the returns there were two hundred and twenty odd missing, but what had become of them he knew not." We advanced, and the flags met and I was exchanged and permitted to return home. Here I close my narrative; for, as I was requested, I have given a particular and unexaggerated account of that which I saw with mine own eyes.

RUFUS AVERY,

Orderly Sergeant under Captain William Latham.

## RUFUS AVERY'S NARRATIVE

*(From the original Ms.)*

As I belonged to the garrison at Fort Griswold when Benedict Arnold's army came to New London and Groton on the sixth of September, 1781, and made their attack on both places, I had every opportunity to know all the movements through the day and time of the battle. I am requested to give a particular account of the conduct of the enemy. I had charge of the garrison the night before the enemy appeared anywhere near us, or were expected by anyone at that time to trouble us, but about three o'clock in the morning, as soon as I had daylight so as to see the fleet, it appeared a short distance below the lighthouse. The fleet consisted of thirty-two vessels in number—ships, brigs, schooners and sloops. I immediately sent word to Captain William Latham, who commanded the said fort and who was not far distant. He very soon came to the fort and saw the enemy's fleet, and immediately sent a notice to Colonel William Ledyard, who was commander of the harbor, Fort Griswold and Fort Trumbull. He soon arrived at the garrison, saw the fleet, then ordered two large guns to be loaded with heavy charges of good powder. Captain William Latham took charge of one gun that was discharged at the northeast part of the fort, and I took charge of the gun on the west side of the fort, so as to give a "larum" to the country in the best manner it could be done. We discharged then regular "larums." Two guns was the regular "larum," but the enemy understood that, and they discharged a third gun similar to ours and timed it alike, which broke our alarm, which discouraged our troops [from] coming to our assistance. Colonel William Ledyard immediately sent out two expresses, one from each fort, to call on every captain of a militia company of men, to hurry them to our relief; but not many came to our assistance. Their





of the fort, and we discharged a musketball before them and brought them to a stand. Colonel Ledyard called a council of war to take the minds of his fellow-officers and friends as to what was to be done. They agreed to send a flag to meet theirs, and chose Captain Elijah Avery, Captain Amos Stanton and Captain John Williams. They immediately met the British flag, and received a demand to give up the fort to them. Our flag soon returned with the summons, which was to deliver the fort up to them. Inquiry was made of the council as to what must be done, and the answer was sent to the British flag that the fort would not be given up. Their flag went back to Colonel Eyre's division and soon returned to within about seventy rods of the fort, when they were again met by our flag, which brought back to Colonel Ledyard the demand if they had to take the fort by storm they should put martial law in force; that is, whom they did not kill with balls should be put to death with sword and bayonet. Our flag went to the British flag with Colonel Ledyard's answer that he should not give up the fort to them, let the consequence be what it might. While the flags were passing between us we were exchanging shots with the British at Fort Trumbull, of which they had got possession before the commencement of the battle at Fort Griswold. We could heave a shot into Fort Trumbull among the enemy without difficulty, but they could not raise so high as to come into Fort Griswold. Having obtained possession of our good powder and shot left by Captain Shapley in the fort, they used it against us. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon the enemy found out what we were determined to do. Both divisions started; that of Colonel Eyre came on in solid column. As soon as he got on level ground we were prepared to salute them with a gun that took in an eighteen pound ball, but was then loaded with two bags of grapeshot. Captain Elias Henry Halsey directed the gun and took aim at the enemy. He had practiced on board of privateers, and he did his duty well. I was present with him and others near the gun, and when the shot struck among the enemy it cleared a wide space in their solid

















him how many of the enemy was missing that were engaged in the attack on Groton and New London, remarking: "Sir, I expect you can tell, as you are the Commissary of the British army." He said, "I find in the returns that there were two hundred and twenty odd missing, but I don't know what became of them." Here I conclude the foregoing particular account from my own personal knowledge of the British attack and capture of Fort Griswold, and their brutal conduct at New London and Groton, and also of their barbarous treatment of the prisoners who fell into their hands.

RUFUS AVERY,

Orderly-Sergeant, under Captain William Latham, who commanded the Matross Company at Fort Griswold, Sept. 6, 1781.

KILLED AND MORTALLY WOUNDED OF GROTON

Lieut.-Col. William Ledyard	John Brown
Christopher Avery	Hubbart Burrows
Elijah Avery	Daniel Chester
Ebenezer Avery	Jeremiah Chester
Daniel Avery	Philip Covil
David Avery	Samuel Hill
Elisha Avery	Rufus Hurlbut
Jasper Avery	Moses Jones
Solomon Avery	Barney Kinne
Thomas Avery	John Lester
Nathaniel Adams	Jonas Lester
Benadam Allen	Wait Lester
Belton Allen	Joseph Lewis
Samuel Allen	Wait Ledyard
Simeon Allen	Youngs Ledyard
Ezekiel Bailey	Edward Mills
Andrew Baker	Thomas Miner
John P. Babcock	Simeon Morgan
Andrew Billings	Nathan Moor

Joseph Moxley	Nicholas Starr
David Palmer	Thomas Starr, Jr.
Asa Perkins	John Stedman
Elisha Perkins	Solomon Tift
Elnathan Perkins	Sylvester Walworth
Luke Perkins	Patrick Ward
Luke Perkins, Jr.	Josiah Wigger
Simeon Perkins	Henry Williams
David Seabury	Christopher Woodbridge
Nathan Sholes	Henry Woodbridge
Amos Stanton	

OF NEW LONDON

Samuel Billings	John Holt
William Bolton	Eliaday Jones
Jonathan Butler	Peter Richards
Richard Chapman	Daniel Williams (15 years old)
John Clark	John Whittelsey
James Comstock (75 years old)	Stephen Whittelsey
William Comstock	

OF STONINGTON

Daniel Stanton	Enoch Stanton
Thomas Williams	

OF PRESTON

John Billings

OF LONG ISLAND

— Ellis	Henry Halsey
(Probably the same man—	Elias Henry Halsey.)

NEGROES

Jordan Freeman	Lambo Latham (not "Sambo")
61 British were buried at Groton.	

## NARRATIVE OF STEPHEN HEMPSTEAD

**T**HE author of the following narrative of events entered the service of his country in 1775, and arrived in Boston on the day of the battle of Bunker Hill. He was at Dorchester Point, was on Long Island at the time of the retreat of the American army and was also a volunteer in the fire ships that were sent to destroy the *Asia*, eighty-four-gun ship, and a frigate lying above Fort Washington. In this attempt they were unsuccessful, although grappled to the enemy's vessel twenty minutes. For the bravery displayed by them they received the particular thanks of the commanding officer, in person and in general orders, and forty dollars were ordered to be paid to each person engaged. He was afterwards wounded by a grapeshot while defending the lines at Harlem Heights, which broke two of his ribs. He continued in the service, and was again wounded on the 6th of September, 1781. He is now more than seventy-six years of age. He formerly resided in New London. He enjoyed the reception of General Lafayette in that place during his last visit to this country, and has within a few years written this account in full, for publication:

On the morning of the 6th of September, 1781, twenty-four sail of the enemy's shipping appeared to the westward of New London harbor. The enemy landed in two divisions, of about eight hundred men each, commanded by that infamous traitor to his country, Benedict Arnold, who headed the division that landed on the New London side, near Brown's farms; the other division, commanded by Colonel Ayres,<sup>1</sup> landed on Groton Point, nearly opposite. I was first sergeant of Captain Adam Shapley's company of State troops, and was stationed with him at the time, with about twenty-three men, at Fort Trumbull, on the New London

<sup>1</sup> Eyre.



men in fifteen minutes, if they would hold out; Colonel Ledyard agreed to send back a defiance, upon the most solemn assurance of immediate succour. For this purpose, Colonel — started, his men being then in sight; but he was no more seen, nor did he even attempt a diversion in our favor. When the answer to their demand had been returned by Captain Shapley, the enemy were soon in motion and marched with great rapidity, in a solid column, to within a short distance of the fort, where dividing the column, they rushed furiously and simultaneously to the assault of the S. W. bastion and the opposite sides. They were, however, repulsed with great slaughter, their commander mortally wounded, and Major Montgomery, next in rank, killed, having been thrust through the body whilst in the act of scaling the walls at the S. W. bastion, by Captain Shapley. The command then devolved on Colonel Beckwith,<sup>1</sup> a refugee from New Jersey, who commanded a corps of that description. The enemy rallied and returned the attack with great vigor, but were received and repulsed with equal firmness. During the attack a shot cut the halcyards of the flag and it fell to the ground, but was instantly remounted on a pike pole. This accident proved fatal to us, as the enemy supposed it had been struck by its defenders, rallied again, and rushing with redoubled impetuosity carried the S. W. bastion by storm. Until this moment, our loss was trifling in number, being six or seven killed and eighteen or twenty wounded. Never was a post more bravely defended, nor a garrison more barbarously butchered. We fought with all kinds of weapons and at all places, with a courage that deserved a better fate. Many of the enemy were killed under the walls by throwing simple shot over on them, and never would we have relinquished our arms had we had the least idea that such a catastrophe would have followed. To describe this scene I must be permitted to go back a little in my narrative. I commanded an eighteen-pounder on the south side of the gate, and while in the act of sighting my gun a ball

<sup>1</sup> A mistake. Beckwith was a British officer. He may have meant Van Buskirk.









ber did not live to see the light of morning, which brought with it some ministering angels to our relief. The first was in the person of Miss Fanny Ledyard, of Southold, L. I., then on a visit to her uncle, our murdered commander, who held to my lips a cup of warm chocolate, and soon after returned with wine and other refreshments, which revived us a little. For these kindnesses she has never ceased to receive my most grateful thanks and fervent prayers for her felicity.

The cruelty of our enemy cannot be conceived, and our renegade countrymen surpassed in this respect, if possible, our British foes. We were at least an hour after the battle, within a few steps of a pump in the garrison, well supplied with water, and, although we were suffering with thirst they would not permit us to take one drop of it, nor give us any themselves. Some of our number, who were not disabled from going to the pump, were repulsed with the bayonet, and not one drop did I taste after the action commenced, although begging for it after I was wounded of all who came near me, until relieved by Miss Ledyard. We were a horrible sight at this time. Our own friends did not know us—even my own wife came in the room in search of me and did not recognize me, and as I did not see her, she left the room to seek for me among the slain, who had been collected under a large elm tree near the house. It was with the utmost difficulty that many of them could be identified, and we were frequently called upon to assist their friends in distinguishing them, by remembering particular wounds, &c. Being myself taken out by two men for this purpose I met my wife and brother, who after my wounds were dressed by Dr. Downer, from Preston, took me—not to my own home, for that was in ashes, as also every article of my property, furniture and clothing—but to my brother's,<sup>1</sup> where I lay eleven months as helpless as a child, and to this day feel the effects of it severely.

<sup>1</sup> The Hempstead house was one of the very few spared by the British, it is said because finding dinner on the table, they sat down to eat.

Such was the battle of Groton Heights; and such, as far as my imperfect manner and language can describe, a part of the sufferings which we endured. Never for a moment have I regretted the share I had in it; I would for an equal degree of honour, and the prosperity which has resulted to my country from the Revolution, be willing, if possible, to suffer it again.

STEPHEN HEMPSTEAD.

## NAMES OF THE HEROES WHO FELL AT FORT GRISWOLD

SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1781.

Colonel William Ledyard, Groton.  
 David Avery, Esq., do.  
 Captain John Williams, do.  
 Captain Simeon Allyn, do.  
 Captain Samuel Allyn, do.  
 Captain Elisha Avery, do.  
 Captain Amos Stanton, do.  
 Captain Elijah Avery, do.  
 Captain Hubbard Burrows, do.  
 Captain Youngs Ledyard, do.  
 Captain Nathan More, do.  
 Captain Joseph Lewis, do.  
 Lieutenant Ebenezer Avery, do.  
 Lieutenant Henry Williams, do.  
 Lieutenant Patrick Ward, do.  
 Lieutenant John Lester, do.  
 Ensign Daniel Avery, do.  
 Sergeant John Stedman, do.  
 Sergeant Solomon Avery, do.  
 Sergeant Jasper Avery, do.  
 Sergeant Ezekiel Bailey, do.  
 Sergeant Rufus Hurlburt, do.  
 Sergeant Christopher Avery, do.

Sergeant Eldridge Chester, Groton.	
Sergeant Nicholas Starr,	do.
Corporal Edward Mills,	do.
Corporal Luke Perkins, Jr.,	do.
Corporal Andrew Billings,	do.
Corporal Simeon Morgan,	do.
Corporal Nathan Sholes,	do.
Daniel Chester,	do.
Thomas Avery,	do.
David Palmer,	do.
Sylvester Walworth,	do.
Philip Covell,	do.
Jedediah Chester,	do.
David Seabury,	do.
Henry Woodbridge,	do.
Christopher Woodbridge,	do.
Elnathan Perkins,	do.
Luke Perkins,	do.
Elisha Perkins,	do.
John Brown,	do.
John P. Babcock,	do.
Nathaniel Adams,	do.
Waite Lester,	do.
Samuel Hill,	do.
Joseph Moxley,	do.
Thomas Starr, Jr.,	do.
Moses Jones,	do.
Belton Allyn,	do.
Benjamin Allyn,	do.
Jonas Lester,	do.
Thomas Miner,	do.
Andrew Baker,	do.
Joseph Wiger,	do.
Samuel Billings,	do.

Eli Jones,	Groton.
Thomas Lamb,	do.
Frederick Chester,	do.
Daniel Davis,	do.
Daniel D. Lester,	do.
Captain Adam Shapley, New London.	
Captain Peter Richards,	do.
Benoni Kenson,	do.
James Comstock,	do.
Richard Chapman,	do.
John Holt,	do.
John Clarke,	do.
Jonathan Butler,	do.
John Whittelsey,	do.
Stephen Whittelsey,	do.
William Bolton,	do.
William Comstock,	do.
Elias Coit,	do.
Barney Kinney,	do.
Captain Elias Henry Halsey, Long Island.	
Lieutenant Enoch Stanton, Stonington.	
Sergeant Daniel Stanton,	do.
Thomas Williams,	do.
Lamb Latham, (Colored).	
Jordan Freeman,	do.

NAMES OF THE WOUNDED, PAROLED AND LEFT AT HOME

BY CAPTAIN BLOOMFIELD.

Captain William Latham, wounded in the thigh, Groton.	
Captain Solomon Perkins, in the face,	do.
Captain Edward Latham, in the body,	do.
Lieutenant P. Avery, lost an eye,	do.
Lieutenant Obadiah Perkins, in the breast,	do.

Lieutenant William Starr, in the breast,	Groton.
Ensign Charles Eldridge, in the knee,	do.
Ensign Joseph Woodmaney, lost an eye,	do.
Ensign Ebenezer Avery, in the head,	do.
John Morgan, shot through the knee,	do.
Sanford Williams, shot in the body,	do.
John Daboll, shot in the head,	do.
Samuel Edgecomb, Jr., in the hand,	do.
Jabish Pendleton, in the hand,	do.
Asahel Woodworth, in the neck,	do.
Thomas Woodworth, in the leg,	do.
Ebenezer Perkins, in the face,	do.
Daniel Eldridge, in the neck and face,	do.
Christopher Latham, in the body,	do.
Christopher Eldridge, in the face,	do.
Amos Avery, in the hand,	do.
T. Woodworth, in the knee,	do.
Frederick Wave, <sup>1</sup> in the body,	do.
Elisha Prior, in the arm,	do.
Sergeant Daniel Stanton, in the body,	Stonington.
Corporal — Judd, shot in the knee,	Hebron.
William Seymour, lost his leg,	Hartford.

<sup>1</sup> This should undoubtedly be *Moore*.



of the Hudson when Arnold deserted. When General Washington assigned the command of West Point to Arnold, he left the barge in his possession. A temporary hut was erected on the east shore, for accommodation of the four oarsmen who managed the barge. On the morning of his desertion, Arnold rode down from his headquarters, to the shore, very fast, threw the reins to his attendant, and ordered the barge to be manned. He directed his course towards the Point; but, on reaching the middle of the river, the boat was observed to take a different direction and move down the stream with great rapidity. The explanation was afterwards thus made by the barge men. "He hoisted a flag of truce, and told them to pull for the *Vulture* (British sloop of war), saying he had business with the captain. He promised them if they would row him down to the *Vulture* with speed, he would give each of them a guinea and a gallon of rum. On nearing the sloop, and being within range of her guns, he opened his plan to them, saying, "I have served the ungrateful scoundrels long enough;" and declaring if they would go with him, they should have double pay, and they should be made officers in the British service." One of them replied that "he did not understand fighting on both sides."

"Then," said Arnold, "you are prisoners!" Arnold ascended the deck and was received by the marines with presented arms: he then ordered his men to come on board, as prisoners of war. One of them said, "It was a shabby trick, as they had toiled so hard to get along, now to refuse the promised reward, and make them prisoners." The English Captain heard this, and stepping forward, observed, "General Arnold, I command this vessel, and while I walk this quarterdeck, no such mean transaction shall take place here." Then addressing the boatmen continued, "My good fellows, I respect your principles of honor, and fidelity to your country, although you are enemies to your King; you shall have the liberty to go or stay as you choose." Here (taking from his

purse the money), "are your promised guineas;—steward, put up four gallons of rum for these men." The boatmen thanked the gallant sailor, for his generosity and justice, and returned in safety to headquarters, and reported the proceedings to General Washington, who had just returned to camp. Arnold, during the conversation on board, retired to the cabin enraged and chagrined.

This statement was made by Chase about a fortnight before his death, in 1831. He also stated that he saw the unfortunate André going to execution. The cause of Arnold's desertion was that the poor deluded Major André was taken; information being sent him by the person himself. Arnold manifested an inveterate hatred of his country, as his succeeding conduct evidently exhibited, till the close of hostilities. After the war, he went to England, where he was despised, and died chagrined and wretched. It is related, that the unfeeling wretch called on the widowed mother and sister of his unfortunate victim (André) announcing his name to the servant: but they returned answer that "they had no desire to see him."



## ANECDOTE OF MRS. BAILEY

**I**T will be interesting to the reader to hear that there still lives, on Groton banks, the zealous old lady who gave her *flannel petticoat*, in the emergency of the capture of the fort. She is a real heroine of the "old school," and at this advanced age, rehearses that event with all the enthusiasm of youth. She is much interested in all the subjects which agitate the political world, and possesses considerable correct information. She is visited by the great, and indulges their curiosity by telling the oft-repeated tale, which she does with a pathos, that excites admiration. And so novel is the fact, though recorded on historic page, that many request her to relate it that they may have to say, "I have seen Mrs. Bailey<sup>1</sup> who gave the petticoat." She says, "In the heat of action there came a soldier, rushing into my apartment, saying 'for God's sake give us some flannel for cartridges!'" "I will," said I. "Here is a blanket, 'tis all I have,"—but that moment recollecting her garment, she hastily unpinned the same, and handed it to the man, "who flew to his post," &c. Thus she has immortalized her name, as a zealous lover of her country.

<sup>1</sup> The local Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which has Fort Griswold in its care is named the ANNA WARNER BAILEY Chapter.

For a portrait of Mrs. Bailey, who died in 1851 at the age of 92, see Lossing's *Field-Book of the Revolution*.—(ED.)



now on the stage of political action, the veteran heart, the judicious mind and ardent lover of freedom and independence. And in case of an invasion of a foreign foe, it would be found that the sons inherited the blood of their fathers, and that Bunker Hill, and Groton, and New London's ashes were not forgotten.

Hail to the land whereon we tread,  
Our fondest boast;  
The sepulchre of mighty dead,  
The truest hearts that ever bled,  
Who sleep on glory's bed,  
A fearless host.

Let foreign navies hasten o'er,  
And on our heads their fury pour,  
And peal their cannon's loudest roar,  
And storm our land;  
They still shall find our lives are given,  
To die for Home!

Advance, now, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of freedom and independence, which we now are passing through. We bid you welcome to this pleasant, but dear-bought land of your fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and verdant fields of New England. Welcome to the benevolent and very hospitable hearts and homes, of the pleasant villages of New London and Groton. View, and read on the recently erected monuments the names of those who bled for your safety; and let the recollection of the scenes sketched in the preceding pages, aid your sympathetic reflections. The soil is respread with the pleasant verdure of many peaceful years;—the gore is absorbed in the earth, and the placid and beautiful Thames, which was disturbed with the rushing of a host of enemies and stained with the life-drops of the slain, now rolls onward in peace, to its home in the ocean. So have passed away the preceding generations, till 1841 finds but few remaining who can say, they saw the battle of '76, or of '81.



## THE FEMALE WHIG OF '76

Composed by Rosanna Sizer, at the age of sixteen years; at the time Danbury was burnt, at the commencement of the Revolutionary War.

King George the Great Tyrant, as we understand,  
Sends over his troops to conquer this land;  
But our men are resolved to die in the cause,  
Before they submit to be under his laws.

Our brave Liberty men, who stand for their right,  
Most honorably they do go forth to fight;  
But they are afraid when they are all gone,  
There will be none left to raise them bread-corn.

Though they go to war they need not for to fear,  
We'll do as much work as though they were here;  
For to carry on business, I'll now tell you how,  
We women must go out and follow the plough.

We'll plough up the ground and the seed we will sow,  
And when it is time then the grass we will mow,  
And since that the men are obliged to be gone,  
The girls must go out to hoeing the corn.

We will pull all the flax as soon as 'twill do,  
For there is need enough of it, there is such a crew  
That they are almost naked for the want of clothes,  
And there is none to be bought as we suppose.

And when at the time of our harvest comes on,  
Then into the fields to reaping we'll run;  
We'll reap all the grain and will pick all the corn,  
And never give out till our work is all done.

When we have got in the grain then we'll thrash out  
some wheat,

And then make some bread for our soldiers to eat;  
And since there is not much rum in the land,  
We will have some good cider all ready at hand.

Then we'll go to spinning and spin up the flax,  
And make soldiers shirts for to put on their backs;  
We'll spin all the wool as fast as we can,  
And makes coats and blankets for every man.

Now there is a number of Tories that dwell all around,  
A parcel of villains in every town,  
They do not deserve to have human respect,  
Because that their country's good they reject.

These Tories go creeping and skulking around,  
Contriving to ruin both country and town;  
Their equals on earth they are not to be found,  
'Tis hoped they will soon have a berth under ground.

For we'll work the harder and raise the more flax,  
To make halters enough for to stretch all their necks;  
We'll spare no pains for to get them all hanged,  
For surely they are a great curse on the land.

When they are all hanged then we hope to have peace,  
And in a short time that these wars they may cease,  
For we see that the force of Great Britain's not much,  
For this they have proved by hiring the Dutch.

Now to our brave heroes that have the command,  
Hold out with good courage your foes to withstand!  
We hope in a short time you will conquer them all,  
For the pride of Great Britain must soon have a fall.

### THOMAS HERTTELL'S ACCOUNT

For the *Sun*.

NEW YORK, ———, 1832.

*Colonel John Fellows:*

SIR—In answer to your inquiries in regard to the conduct of the British troops which stormed Fort Griswold, at Groton in Connecticut, during the Revolutionary War, it may be proper to premise, that being at New London at the time of its capture and conflagration by the British forces under the command of that infamous traitor, General Benedict Arnold, on the 6th of September, 1781, I was an eye witness of the attack on Fort Griswold, on the east side of New London harbour. Though a minute detail of all the interesting occurrences connected with that affair may not be necessary to the object of your inquiry, I deem it proper to embrace the present occasion to note, among others, some matters which I have not seen recorded in any history of the war of the Revolution.

That portion of Arnold's forces which invested Fort Griswold was variously stated at a thousand to fifteen hundred men; (the British said eight hundred,) and were commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Eyre. Their incursion, early in the morning, was so sudden and unexpected that only 178 militia (officers included) were enabled to reach the fort, before it became necessary to close the gates. The enemy divided into two columns, made the attack simultaneously on the east and west sides of the fort. That on the east was led on by Lieutenant Colonel Eyre, who fell on the first assault. That on the west was commanded by Major Montgomery, who was killed near the close of the action. Three times did the British columns advance in close order, with trailed arms, and on a run at full speed, with their officers in their rear to oblige them to keep their position, and to goad them on; and three times did they quail before a little band of brave, but disciplined republican soldiers, who caused "death and destruction" in "a lead and iron tempest," exultingly to revel in blood and carnage, through their frittered and flying ranks. Here the conflict seemed to be drawing to a close. The fort ceased firing, and nothing was seen of the enemy but a few officers riding to and fro, endeavoring to rally the scattered fragments of their broken columns. The men, dismayed and disheartened, had taken shelter,—some behind rocks—some in holes—some behind hillocks, and others lay flat, under cover of the undulations of the ground; and none appeared standing within sight and reach from the fort. They had ceased firing, except as if in despair and despite, a single musket was occasionally discharged from the lurking place of a skulking fugitive. A random shot from one of those accidentally cut the halyards of the flagstaff, and the colors were consequently, by a brisk southwest wind, blown outside of the fort. This unfortunate occurrence scarcely gave plausibility to the falsehood immediately proclaimed by the British officers, "that the fort had struck;" or in their polished and more common phrase, "the damn'd Yankees had struck their colors." Thus deceived, and drawn from their hiding places, a fourth attack ensued, and though more irregular, protracted and bloody than either of the preceding, was finally successful. But a dear bought victory it was! The loss of the British was more than double the whole number of Americans who were in the fort!!

Considering the great disparity of the conflicting forces;—a few undisciplined citizens and farmers,—many of whom had never before been in battle, or had never seen a gun fired in anger; engaged with more than four times their own number, of veteran, regular, disciplined troops; a more obstinate, determined, resolute and gallant defence perhaps never before occurred in any nation;—a more protracted, hard fought and bloody battle probably was not fought during







**THE**

**DARTMOOR MASSACRE**

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**By I. H. W.**

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**Price 15 Cents**

**1815**









plied all the water froze to the bottom; the prisoners quenched their thirst with snow, and huddled together at night to prevent being frozen; their breath, condensing on the granite walls, covered these with a film of ice. Eight Americans escaped January 19th, when the weather was at its worst; seven were soon recaptured, the eighth a day after. All were put in the 'black hole' for ten days on two-thirds allowance. They were no more wretched than the rest, who passed this awful fortnight bare-legged, with salt beef for food and snow for drink, without fire or sufficient clothing, overrun with vermin and decimated by sickness."<sup>2</sup>

The best-known incident of the prison's history is that which forms the subject of the poem—the "Dartmoor Massacre," April 6, 1815.

Irritated by being kept in prison after the Treaty of Ghent was signed and proclaimed, there was a small riot, partly but not wholly among the Americans. The Governor, Captain Shortland, became "rattled," the prison guard fired on the Americans, and sixty-three men were killed or wounded (nine being killed or dying from wounds). Shortland was tried, but as the witnesses could not identify any of the soldiers who fired without orders, nothing came of it. Now, when war between England and the United States is an unthinkable thing, a beautiful and unique memorial to the American prisoners has been placed in the church at Princetown, near the prison—a large stained-glass window, suitably inscribed, given by the National Society United States Daughters of 1812. It was formally unveiled and presented by the president of the society June 4, 1910.

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<sup>2</sup> Thomson.











The orphan and the father too, and mothers, sisters dear,  
And brothers, kindred, dearest friends, in grief must shed a tear;  
And if the victims that did fall upon this fatal night  
Were not to blame, it will be shame, if Britain don't do right,  
To succor those, the *maim'd and lame*, who're now depriv'd from  
labor,

And cannot work but now must beg, or seek their bread by favor;  
And recompence is justly due,—to widows, children, mothers,  
And fathers agéd, helpless left by cursed SHORTLAND's orders.

I. H. W.

*Finis*







**LIFE AND ADVENTURES**  
**OF**  
**ISRAEL RALPH POTTER**  
**(1744-1826)**

**PROVIDENCE**  
Printed by J. Howard for I. R. Potter, 1824

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**NEW YORK**  
Reprinted  
**WILLIAM ABBATT**  
1911

(Being Extra No. 16 of THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES.)



DISTRICT OF RHODE ISLAND,

*To Wit:*

Be it remembered, that on the thirteenth day of January, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four and in the forty-eighth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Henry Trumbull of said district deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the following words to wit:

LIFE

AND

REMARKABLE ADVENTURES

OF

ISRAEL R. POTTER

(A Native of Cranston, Rhode Island)

WHO WAS A SOLDIER IN THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION

And took a distinguished part in the Battle of Bunker Hill (in which he received three wounds), after which he was taken Prisoner by the British, conveyed to England, where for 30 years he obtained a livelihood for himself and family by crying, "Old Chairs to Mend," through the Streets of London. In May last, by the assistance of the American Consul, he succeeded (in the 79th year of his age) in obtaining a passage to his native country, after an absence of 48 years.

PROVIDENCE

Printed by J. HOWARD, for I. R. POTTER, 1824

In conformity to an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books to the author and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned," and also to an act entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books to the author and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the Art of designing, engraving, and etching, historical, and other prints."

Witness:

BENJAMIN COWELL,

Clerk of the Rhode Island District.



Mr. U



follow the drumbeat round the world. Can a terser, more emphatic picture of the poverty of the London poor be found than in Potter's brief statement that within a month after Waterloo was fought, some of the very soldiers who had helped win it, and been discharged on the return to England, were trying to live by crying "old chairs to mend" through London's streets, where he himself could barely make a shilling a day?

It is due to the memory of the brave man who perhaps might have attained prominence in his native land had he been able to return there under Franklin's plan, that the extraordinary record of his life and sufferings should be again published after an oblivion of eighty-seven years. We have endeavoured to ascertain the history of his son Thomas, who is supposed to have survived him, as he was but about ten years old in 1826; but have signally failed: a matter of real regret, for we would fain have recorded some particulars of one whose originality and courage as a child secured eventually his father's return to his birthplace, and the publication of the story of his life.



the foot of a tree and reposed myself until about four in the morning, when I arose and commenced my journey, travelling westward, with an intention of reaching, if possible, the new countries which I had heard highly spoken of as affording excellent prospects for industrious and enterprising young men. To evade the pursuit of my friends, by whom I knew I should be early missed and diligently sought for, I confined my travel to the woods and shunned the public roads, until I had reached the distance of about twelve miles from my father's house.

At noon the succeeding day I reached Hartford in Connecticut, and applied to a farmer in that town for work, and for whom I agreed to labour for one month for the sum of six dollars. Having completed my month's work to the satisfaction of my employer, I received my money and started from Hartford for Otter Creek;<sup>1</sup> but when I reached Springfield I met with a man bound to the Cahos<sup>2</sup> country, and who offered me four dollars to accompany him, of which offer I accepted, and the next morning we left Springfield and in a canoe ascended Connecticut river, and in about two weeks, after much hard labour in paddling and poling the boat against the current, we reached Lebanon, N. H., the place of our destination. It was with some difficulty and not until I had procured a writ by the assistance of a respectable innkeeper in Lebanon, by the name of Hill,<sup>3</sup> that I obtained from my last employer the four dollars which he had agreed to pay me for my services.

From Lebanon I crossed the river to New Hartford,<sup>4</sup> where I bargained with a Mr. Brink of that town for two hundred acres of new land lying in New Hampshire, and for which I was to labour for him four months. As this may appear to some a small consideration for so great a number of acres of land, it may be well here to acquaint the reader with the situation of the country in that quarter at that early period of its settlement; which was an almost

<sup>1</sup> Vermont.

<sup>2</sup> Coos County, N. H.

<sup>3</sup> This was Charles Hill.

<sup>4</sup> Then in New York State.





for sowing. In the winter seasons I employed my time in hunting and entrapping such animals whose hides and furs were esteemed of the most value. I remained in possession of my land two years, and then disposed of it to the same person of whom I purchased it, at the advanced price of two hundred dollars, and then conveyed my skins and furs which I had collected the two preceding winters to No. 4 (now Charlestown, N. H.), where I exchanged them for Indian blankets, wampeag<sup>5</sup> and such other articles as I could conveniently convey on a hand-sled, and with which I started for Canada, to barter with the Indians for furs.

This proved a very profitable trip, as I very soon disposed of every article at an advance of more than two hundred per cent. and received payment in furs at a reduced price, and for which I received in No. 4 two hundred dollars cash. With this money, together with what I was before in possession of, I now set out for home, once more to visit my parents after an absence of two years and nine months, in which time my friends had not been enabled to receive any correct information of me. On my arrival, so greatly affected were my parents at the presence of a son whom they had considered dead, that it was some time before either could become sufficiently composed to listen to or to request me to furnish them with an account of my travels.

Soon after my return, as some atonement for the anxiety which I had caused my parents, I presented them with most of the money that I had earned in my absence, and formed the determination that I would remain with them contented at home, in consequence of a conclusion, from the welcome reception that I met with, that they had repented of their opposition and had become reconciled to my intended union. But in this I soon found that I was mistaken—for although overjoyed to see me alive whom they had supposed really dead, no sooner did they find that my long absence had rather increased than diminished my attachment for their

<sup>5</sup> Wampum.



place the second day after leaving the sloop. We were discovered and picked up by a Dutch ship bound from Eustatia to Holland, and from the captain and crew met with a humane reception and were supplied with every necessary that the ship afforded. We continued on board one week, when we fell in with an American sloop bound from Piscataqua to Antigua, which received us all on board and conveyed us in safety to the port of her destination. At Antigua I got a berth on board an American brig bound to Porto Rico and from thence to Eustatia. At Eustatia I received my discharge, and entered on board a ship belonging to Nantucket and bound on a whaling voyage, which proved an uncommonly short and successful one. We returned to Nantucket full of oil after an absence of the ship from that port of only sixteen months. After my discharge I continued about one month on the island, and then took passage for Providence, and from thence to Cranston, once more to visit my friends, with whom I continued three weeks and then returned to Nantucket. From Nantucket I made another whaling voyage to the South Seas, and after an absence of three years (in which time I experienced almost all the hardships and deprivations peculiar to Whalemens in long voyages) I succeeded by the blessing of Providence in reaching once more my native home, perfectly sick of the sea and willing to return to the bush and exchange a mariner's life for one less hazardous and fatiguing.

I remained with my friends at Cranston a few weeks, and then hired myself to a Mr. James Waterman of Coventry for twelve months, to work at farming. This was in the year 1774, and I continued with him about six months, when the difficulties which had for some time prevailed between the Americans and Britons had now arrived at that crisis as to render it certain that hostilities would soon commence in good earnest between the two nations; in consequence of which the Americans at this period began to prepare themselves for the event. Companies were formed in several



up a redoubt of eight or nine rods square. As soon as our works were discovered by the British in the morning they commenced a heavy fire upon us, which was supported by a fort on Copp's Hill. We, however (under the command of the intrepid Putnam), continued to labour like beavers until our breastwork was completed.

About noon a number of the enemy's boats and barges, filled with troops, landed at Charlestown and commenced a deliberate march to attack us. We were now harangued by General Putnam, who reminded us that exhausted as we were by our incessant labour through the preceding night, the most important part of our duty was yet to be performed, and that much would be expected from so great a number of excellent marksmen. He charged us to be cool and to reserve our fire until the enemy approached so near as to enable us to see the whites of their eyes. When within about ten rods of our works, we gave them the contents of our muskets, and which were aimed with so good effect as soon to cause them to turn their backs and retreat with a much quicker step than with what they approached us. We were now again harangued by "old General Put," as he was termed, and requested by him to aim at the officers, should the enemy renew the attack—which they did in a few moments, with a reinforcement. Their approach was with a slow step, which gave us an excellent opportunity to obey the commands of our General in bringing down their officers. I feel but little disposed to boast of my own performance on this occasion, and will only say that after devoting so many months in hunting the wild animals of the wilderness while an inhabitant of New Hampshire, the reader will not suppose me a bad or inexperienced marksman; and that such were the fair shots which the epauletted redcoats presented in the two attacks, that every shot which they received from me I am confident on another occasion would have produced me a deerskin.

So warm was the reception which the enemy met with in their second attack that they again found it necessary to retreat; but



































to call early the ensuing morning and he would endeavour to furnish me with one.

It is impossible for me to express the satisfaction that I felt at the prospect of a deliverance from my wretched situation. I was now, by so long fasting, reduced to such a state of weakness that my legs were hardly able to support me, and it was with extreme difficulty that I succeeded in reaching a baker's shop in the neighbourhood, where with my four remaining pennies, which I had reserved for a last resource, I purchased two two-penny loaves.

After four days of intolerable hunger the reader may judge how great must have been my joy to find myself in possession of even a morsel to appease it. Well might I have exclaimed at this moment with the unfortunate Trenck: "O Nature! what delight hast thou combined with the gratification of thy wants! Remember this, ye who rack invention to excite appetite, and which yet you cannot procure; remember how simple are the means that will give a crust of mouldy bread a flavour more exquisite than all the spices of the East or all the profusion of land or sea; remember this, grow hungry and indulge your sensuality." Although five times the quantity of the "staff of life" would have been insufficient to have satisfied my appetite, yet, as I thought it improbable that I should be indulged with a mouthful of anything to eat in the morning, I concluded to eat then but one loaf and to reserve the other for another meal; but having eaten one, so far from satisfying it seemed rather to increase my appetite for the other. The temptation was irresistible, the cravings of hunger predominated and would not be satisfied until I had devoured the remaining one.

The day was now far spent, and I was compelled to resort with reluctance to a carriage-house, to spend another night in misery. I found nothing therein on which to repose my wearied limbs but the bare floor, which was sufficient to deprive me of sleep, how-









Having been generously supplied with a new suit of cloathes and other necessities by Mr. M., I contracted with him for six months to superintend his strawberry garden—in the course of which, so far from being molested I was not suspected by even his own domestics of being an American. At the expiration of the six months, by the recommendation of my hospitable friend I got a berth in the garden of the Princess Amelia, where, although among my fellow-labourers the American rebellion was not unfrequently the topic of conversation and the “d—d Yankee rebels,” as they termed them, frequently the subjects of their vilest abuse, I was little suspected of being one of that class whom they were pleased thus to denominate. I must confess that it was not without some difficulty that I was enabled to suppress the indignant feelings occasioned by hearing my countrymen spoken so disrespectfully of, but as a single word in their favour might have betrayed me, I could obtain no other satisfaction than by secretly indulging the hope that I might, before the conclusion of the war, have an opportunity to repay them in their own coin with interest. I remained in the employ of the Princess about three months, and then in consequence of a misunderstanding with the overseer I hired myself to a farmer in a small village adjoining Brentford, where I had not been three weeks employed before rumour was afloat that I was a Yankee prisoner of war! From whence the report arose, or by what occasioned, I never could learn. It no sooner reached the ears of the soldiers than they were on the alert, seeking an opportunity to seize my person. Fortunately I was apprised of their intentions before they had time to carry them into effect; I was, however, hard pushed, and sought for by them with that diligence and perseverance that certainly deserved a better cause. I had many hairbreadth escapes and most assuredly should have been taken, had it not been for the friendship of those whom I suspect felt not less friendly to the cause of my country, but dare not publicly avow it. I was at



















prison where were confined as prisoners of war a number of my countrymen, and among whom I was directed to distribute the five guineas with which I had been entrusted for that purpose by their friends at Brentford. I found the prison without much difficulty, but it was with very considerable difficulty that I gained admittance, and not until I had presented the turnkey with a considerable fee would he consent to indulge me. The reader will suppose that I must have been very much surprised when, as soon as the door of the prisoners' apartment was opened and I had passed the threshold, to hear one of them exclaim with much apparent astonishment, "Potter, is that you? How in the name of Heaven came you here!" An exclamation like this by one of a number to whom I supposed myself a perfect stranger, caused me much uneasiness for a few moments, as I expected nothing less than to recognize in this man some one of my old shipmates who had undoubtedly a knowledge of the fact of my being a prisoner of war and having been confined as such on board the guard-ship at Spithead. But in this I soon found to my satisfaction that I was mistaken, for after viewing for a moment the person by whom I had been thus addressed I discovered him to be no other than my old friend, Sergeant Singles,\* with whom I had been intimately acquainted in America. As the exclamation was in presence of the turnkey, lest I should have the key turned upon *me*, and so be considered as lawful a prisoner as any of the rest, I hinted to my friend that he certainly mistook me, a Lincolnshire farmer, for another person; and by a wink which he received from me at the same moment gave him to understand that a renewal of our ac-

\* A careful search of London records, including the Captain's and Master's logs of the *Tartar*, does not yield any information about the Sergeant, or of the fifteen American prisoners whom Potter saw. As the log-books examined were not dated, they are probably later than 1780, and it may be that some later and more fortunate searcher may yet find particulars of them. It is certainly strange that there should have been any such prisoners in London, as Portsmouth or Plymouth were the usual places of confinement (Dartmoor not being in existence before 1805).

quaintance or an exchange of civilities would be more agreeable to me at any other time.

I now, as I had been requested, divided the money as equally as possible among them, and to prevent the suspicions of the keeper, I represented to them in a feigned dialect peculiar to the labouring people of the shire-towns, that "me master was owing a little trifle or so to a rebel trader of one of His Majesty's American provinces, and was [re] quested by him to pay the balance and so to his brother Yankee rebels here imprisoned." I found the poor fellows (fifteen in number) confined in a dark, filthy apartment of about eighteen feet square, and which I could not perceive contained anything but a rough plank bench of about ten feet in length and a heap of straw, with one or two tattered, filthy-looking blankets spread thereon, which was probably the only bedding allowed them. Although their situation was such as could not fail to excite my pity, yet I could do no more than lament that it was not in my power to relieve them. How long they remained thus confined, or when exchanged, I could never learn, as I never to my knowledge saw one of them afterwards.

For four or five days after I reached London I did very little more than walk about the city, viewing such curiosities as met my eye; when reflecting that remaining thus idle I should not only be very soon out of funds, but should run the risk of being suspected and apprehended as one belonging to one of the numerous gangs of pickpockets, &c., which infest [ed] the streets of the city, I applied to an Intelligence Office for a coachman's berth, which I was so fortunate as to be able to procure, at fifteen shillings per week. My employer (J. Hyslop, Esq.), although rigid in his exactions was punctual in his payments, and by my strict prudence and abstinence from the numerous diversions of the city, I was enabled, in the six months which I served him, to lay up more cash than what I had earned the twelve months preceding. The next busi-

























































so fortunate as to obtain any), were the contents of the ready-furnished apartment that we were now about to occupy; but even with these few conveniences, it was comparatively a palace to the one we had for several weeks past improved.

When my health would permit, I seldom failed to visit daily the most public streets of the city and from morning to night cry for old chairs to mend—accompanied by my son Thomas, with a bundle of flags.<sup>2</sup> If we were so fortunate as to obtain a job of work more than we could complete in the day, with the permission of the owner I would convey the chairs on my back to my humble dwelling, and with the assistance of my little son improve the evening to complete the work, which would produce us a few half-pennies to purchase something for our breakfast the next morning. But it was very seldom that instances of this kind occurred, as it was more frequently the case that after crying for old chairs to mend the whole day, we were obliged to return hungry and weary, and without a single half-penny in our pockets, to our humble dwelling, where we were obliged to fast until the succeeding day. And, indeed, there were some instances in which we were compelled to fast two or three days successively, without being able to procure a single job of work. The rent I had obligated myself to pay every night, and frequently when our hunger was such as hardly to be endured, I was obliged to reserve the few pennies that I was possessed of to apply to this purpose.

In our most starving condition, when every other plan failed, my little son would adopt the expedient of sweeping the public causeways (leading from one walk to the other), where he would labour the whole day with the expectation of receiving no other reward than what the generosity of gentlemen who had occasion to cross would induce them to bestow in charity, and which seldom amounted to more than a few pennies. Sometimes the poor boy would toil in this way the whole day without being so fortunate

<sup>2</sup> Rushes or rattans.

















fifth of April, 1823, and after a passage of forty-two days arrived safe at our port of destination. After having experienced in a foreign land so much ill-treatment from those from whom I could expect no mercy, and for no other fault than that of being an American, I could not but flatter myself that when I bid adieu to that country I should no longer be the subject of unjust persecution, or have occasion to complain of ill-treatment from those whose duty it was to afford me protection. But the sad reverse which I experienced while on board the *Criterion* convinced me of the incorrectness of my conclusions. For my country's sake I am happy to have it in my power to say that the crew of this ship was not composed altogether of Americans—there was a mixture of all nations, and among them some so vile and destitute of every humane principle as to delight in nothing so much as to sport with the infirmities of one whose grey locks ought at least to have protected him. By these unfeeling wretches, who deserve not the name of sailors, I was not only most shamefully ill-used on the passage, but was robbed of some necessary articles of clothing which had been charitably bestowed on me by the American Consul.

We arrived in the harbour of New York about midnight; and such were the pleasing sensations produced by the reflection that on the morrow I should be indulged with the privilege of walking once more on American ground after an absence of almost fifty years, and that but a short distance now separated me from my dear son, that it was in vain that I attempted to close my eyes to sleep. Never was the morning's dawn so cheerfully welcomed as by me. I solicited and obtained the permission of the captain to be early set on shore, on reaching which I did not forget to offer up my unfeigned thanks to that mighty Being who had not only sustained me during my heavy afflictions abroad, but had finally restored me to my native country. The pleasure that I enjoyed in viewing the streets thronged by those who, although I could not claim as acquaintances, I could greet as my countrymen, was un-









prayer that this strange and unprecedented circumstance of withholding from me that reward which they have so generally bestowed on others may never be told in Europe, or published in the streets of London, lest it reach the ears of some who had the effrontery to declare to me personally that for the active part that I had taken in the "rebellious war" misery and starvation would ultimately be my reward!

To conclude—although I may be again unfortunate in a renewal of my application to Government for that reward to which my services so justly entitle me, yet I feel thankful that I am privileged, after enduring so much, to spend the remainder of my days among those who, I am confident, are possessed of too much humanity to see me suffer; which I am sensible I owe to the Divine goodness which graciously condescended to support me under my numerous afflictions and finally enabled me to return to my native country in the seventy-ninth year of my age. For this I return unfeigned thanks to the Almighty, and hope to give, during the remainder of my life, convincing testimonies of the strong impression which those afflictions made on my mind, by devoting myself sincerely to the duties of religion.

#### DEPOSITION OF JOHN VIAL

I, JOHN VIAL, of North Providence, in the county of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, on oath certify and say that sometime in the latter part of November or the beginning of December, A. D. 1775, I entered as Gunner's Mate on board the *Washington*, a public armed vessel in the service of the United States and under the command of S. Martindale, Esq. Said vessel was sent out by order of General Washington, from Plymouth, Mass., to cruize in Boston harbour to intercept supplies going to Boston, then in the possession of the British troops. After we had been out a short time we were captured by a British twenty-gun ship called the *Foy* and were carried to Boston, where we re-











